

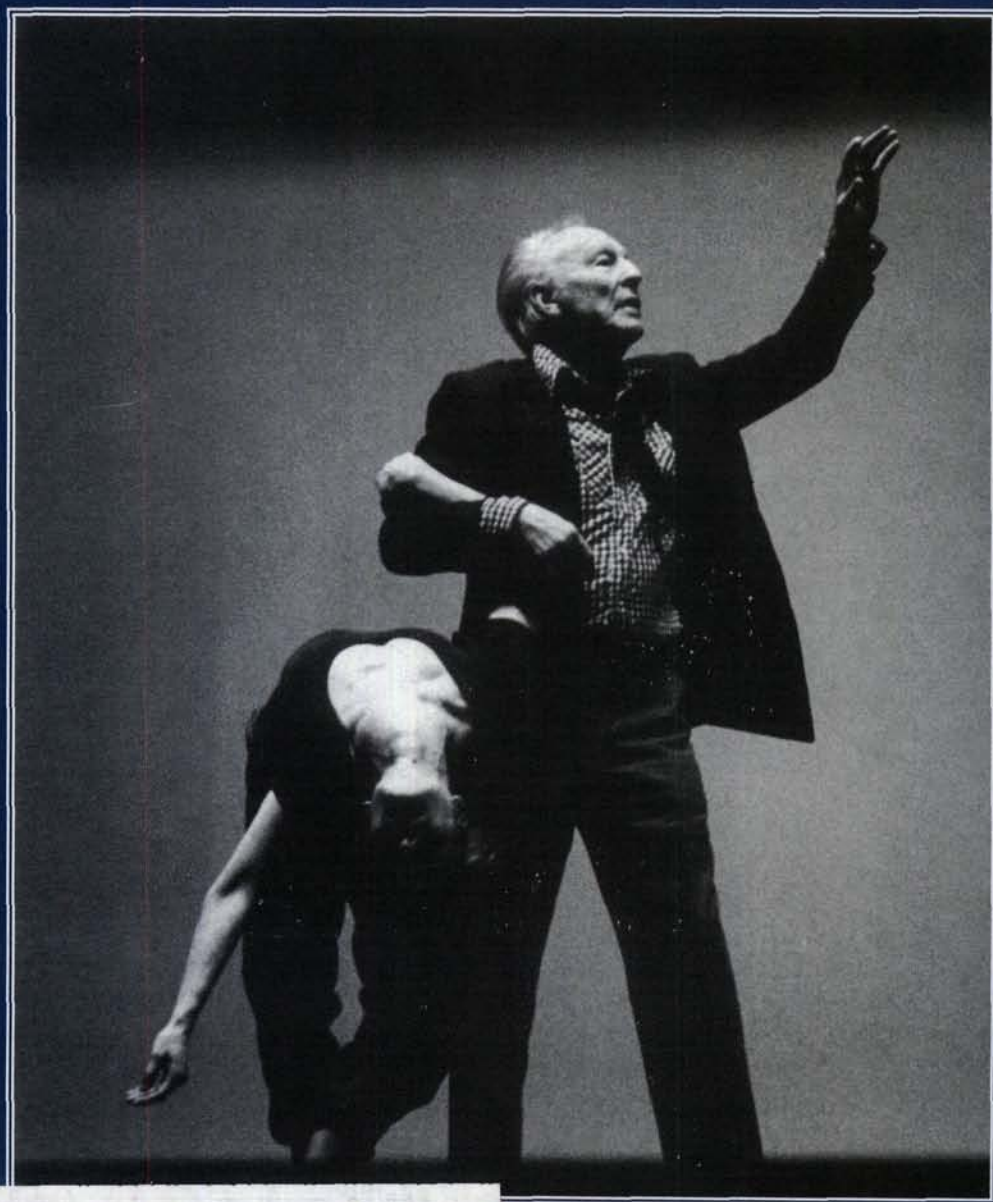
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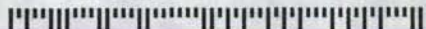
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Then & Now

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY

The Year 1513 - Machiavelli states in The Prince:

"If you do not intervene, you will remain the prey of the victor... Princes who lack resolution take the path of neutralization in order to avoid a present danger and for the most part find it the path to ruin."

September 1939- After taking Austria and Czechoslovakia and crushing Poland, Hitler offers to make peace and to give back part of Poland and Czechoslovakia.

May 1994 - After taking 70% of Bosnia by murder, rape and ethnic cleansing, the Serbs offer to make peace and to give back part of Bosnia to the Muslims and Croatsians.

October 12, 1939 -After learning his lesson at Munich, Chamberlain, in a speech before the House of Commons dismisses Hitler's offer for peace as "vague and uncertain" and states that if Hitler wants peace "acts - not words alone -must be forthcoming."

June 7, 1994 - President Clinton did not learn the lessons of history. Relying on Serbian "words alone," in a speech before the French National Assembly, Pres. Clinton states that he endorsed the peace conference which will partition Bosnia and reward the Serbs for their policy of murder, rape and ethnic cleansing.

President Clinton, by his willingness to reward the Serbs and his lack of resolution in other conflicts has become the prey of the victor and is leading the World down the path to ruin:

May 26, 1994 - President Clinton in a foreign policy speech to the graduating class at the Naval Academy states that his "...willingness to intervene in Bosnia and Rwanda would depend on a sober assessment of the cumulative weight of the interest at stake."

The cumulative weight of the facts are: Bosnia - more than 25,000 raped, more than 200,000 murdered and missing, and more than 1 million ethnically cleansed. Rwanda - 200,000 to 500,000 murdered in 47 days.

What other interest would have to be at stake? Oil? White Christians?

WHO WILL STAND UP FOR THE VICTIMS OF GENOCIDE ?

History records that fifty years ago the first voice of the U.S. Government to issue a call for action to save the Jews of Europe from the ongoing genocide was the Foreign Affairs Committee of the U.S. Senate. It passed the following resolution:

"We have talked; we have sympathized; we have expressed our horror; the time to act is long past due"

**FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW WHO WILL HISTORY RECORD ACTED
IN 1994 TO SAVE THE VICTIMS OF GENOCIDE ?
ONCE AGAIN, THE TIME TO ACT IS LONG PAST DUE**

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FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,150

- 4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Testing for HIV, searching for FDR &c.
- 6 **ROBERT WRIGHT** TRB: MR. UNIVERSE Why Clinton shouldn't wimp out on health care.
- 7 **THE EDITORS** DEMAGOGUERY IN AMERICA The return of the religious right.
- 8 **NOTEBOOK** The First Lady finds a friend, Alan Simpson finds himself &c.
- 9 **JENNIFER ALLEN** HUNTSVILLE POSTCARD: BLAST RITES Spacing out in Rocket City.
- 10 **PAUL OFFNER** KID STUFF The child support component of welfare reform.
- 11 **MARY HOOD** WATER LOG What I saw at the Georgia floods.
- 12 **ANNA HUSARSKA** CRIMEA SCENE After fifty years in exile, the Tatars return.
- 16 **KATHERINE DUNN** TRUTH ABUSE How the media lies about domestic violence.
- 18 **JAMES LEDBETTER** NOT-SO-SUPER MARIO Governor Cuomo's ineptitude: a case study.
- 22 **ALBERT WOHLSTETTER** CREATING A GREATER SERBIA In light of the West's latest, most shameless attempt to carve up Bosnia, a question arises: Does the total area assigned to the Serbs have defensible, stable connections internally and with the outside world? An analysis of the maps.
- 28 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: SUMMER HEAT Nonchalant incest in David O. Russell's *Spanking the Monkey*.
- 29 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ON THEATER: THE ROOTS OF LOVE *Passion*, an opera about love's miseries and mysteries, is a Sondheim triumph.
- 31 **MINDY ALOFF** THE COMPANY HE KEPT George Balanchine, the renowned master of classicism, was a great romantic. His heirs at the City Ballet haven't yet grasped that secret of his style. Without it, his vision of joining feeling and form can't be kept alive.
- 41 **ROBERT M. SOLOW** ADVISE AND DISSENT *The Agenda* by Bob Woodward
- 42 **ALFRED CORN** POEM *The Cloak of Invisibility*
- 43 **MICHAEL HEYWARD** BUREAUCRATS IN LOVE *Grand Days* by Frank Moorhouse
- 46 **CHARLES LANE** BERLIN DIARIST: FREEDOM SUMMER

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CORRESPONDENCE

Keeping up with Jones

To the editors:

I am not persuaded by Akhil Amar and Neal Katyal's legal analysis of the Paula Jones suit ("Pounding Paula," June 20). First, the authors' concern that presidents would be overwhelmed by lawsuits for pre-inauguration claims is belied by the fact that the Jones case is the first of its kind in the 205-year history of the presidency. Furthermore, their premise that "the executive never sleeps" is hard to reconcile with Ronald Reagan, who was quite effective in carrying out his policies despite frequent naps. The fact is that presidents *do* sleep. They also find time to eat, jog, vacation at Martha's Vineyard, go to Barbra Streisand concerts and tend to the countless other distractions and demands of personal life. Defending the Jones suit should not require even a substantial part of Clinton's time. His legal team will do everything for him except testify.

Second, although the Constitution grants limited immunity to members of Congress, it makes no grant to the presi-

dent. If the courts are to create a presidential immunity not provided by the Founding Fathers, it should be for factually compelling reasons. The apocalyptic arguments against suing a president seem too speculative.

Finally, the authors argue that to minimize disruption of his constitutional duties, the president ought to be sued only in Washington, D.C. They think the Jones suit "could be dead on arrival" in D.C. since the D.C. statute of limitations arguably expired long ago. However, I cannot see how any court would look to a D.C. statute of limitations to determine the timeliness of a suit commenced in Arkansas, based on an incident that occurred in Arkansas involving Arkansas citizens, where two of the three counts are based on Arkansas law.

JOSEPH F. DE MAY JR.
Kew Gardens, New York

Testy

To the editors:

Too bad Hanna Rosin couldn't do a better job of investigating home-based HIV test products ("Bad Blood," June 27). I don't know where Rosin got her information, but the members of the National Alliance of Lesbian and Gay Health Clinics do not have a monopoly on testing,

and we don't make money off of HIV testing and counseling programs. In fact, in the largest of our member clinics, only 70 percent of the cost of HIV testing and counseling is covered by government funding. The rest is from other sources.

Although we test thousands of people, and provide them with counseling and access to early intervention services, we know we need to do more. Increasing access to HIV testing and counseling is one of our concerns in stemming the tide of this epidemic, but the home testing products that are before the FDA pose serious concerns. The effectiveness of telephone counseling is chief among them.

As long as HIV home test manufacturers refuse to sit down with the testers themselves and begin to work on the very real problems these home test products will exacerbate, the needs of the most vulnerable in this pandemic—namely the poor, the isolated and the oppressed—will continue to be ignored.

CHRISTOPHER J. PORTELLI
National Coordinator, National Alliance
of Lesbian and Gay Health Clinics
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

The bellyaching over the new at-home HIV test is indicative of the hysteria infecting many AIDS activists. If they're so concerned about teenage hijinks, let them concentrate on spin-the-bottle felatio, not the far more unlikely use of pins and needles as party favors. And if they really care about health, let them stifle their fanatical impulses. If you want to do it yourself, you should be able to do it yourself. Perhaps the infirmity sob sisters described by Rosin don't remember abstract ideals like choice.

SEAN SULLIVAN
Jersey City, New Jersey

Shameless

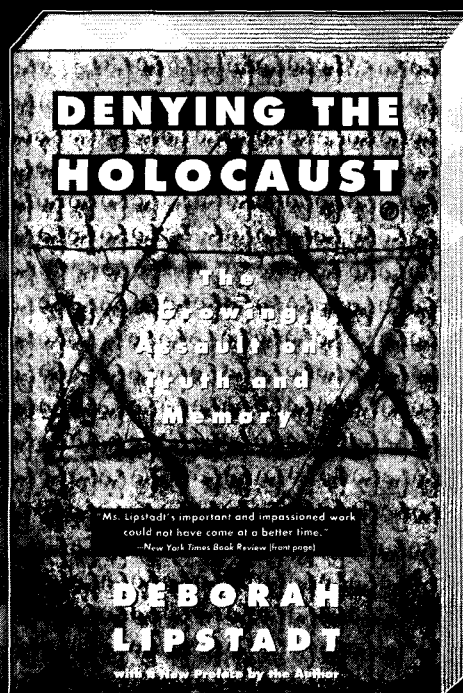
To the editors:

I thought dinosaurs were extinct, but after reading Martha Gellhorn's piece "Cry Shame" (June 27) I had to reconsider. She terms the anti-Communist movement of the '50s a "reign of terror" so bad it caused her to leave the country. This a reign of terror in which no one was killed or even imprisoned for Communist sympathies, in which a few did lose their jobs, only to become cultural heroes, lionized and celebrated to this day. All the while "journalists" such as Gellhorn resolutely ignored the reigns of terror going on in their beloved Socialist utopias, where real victims—by the thousands and millions—were being killed and imprisoned.

As for the Clintons being the "spiritual heirs" of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt

"An absolutely vital, chilling book."

—Chicago Sun-Times



"Ms. Lipstadt's important and impassioned work could not have come at a better time...."

It illuminates, with skill and clarity, not only the peculiarly disturbing world of the Holocaust deniers, but also the methods they have used to distort history, the motives that have driven them to do so, and the vulnerabilities... that have made so many in our society ready to listen to them."

—Front page,
New York Times Book Review

NOW IN PAPERBACK



I suppose a case can be made for Bill; like FDR, he desires nothing more than the expansion of his own and state power. But I don't recall Eleanor ever making a killing in cattle futures, or engaging in shady real estate deals, while she decried the greed and selfishness of others. "Cry Shame" indeed, Ms. Gellhorn.

MARC ROGERS
Evant, Texas

To the editors:

If Martha Gellhorn really longs for the virtues of the Roosevelt era, when the "serious press" kept its collective nose out of the president's private life, perhaps she will encourage him not to discuss his knickers on MTV.

HERB B. BERKOWITZ
Falls Church, Virginia

To the editors:

Bravo for Martha Gellhorn! Perhaps it takes a member of our generation who went through the devastation of 25 percent unemployment throughout the country during the Great Depression; the disgust with the financial "wizards" of the '20s who ended up fugitives from justice or in jail for their fraudulent stock market activities; and the dread foreboding of Hitler and Mussolini to have some perspective on what is truly worth criticizing in a government. I believe it has become unfashionable to admire any public figure. To prove that it has not been taken in, the press (including THE NEW REPUBLIC) must maintain a cynical attitude, an appetite for making any story seem sinister.

Gellhorn hopes for a "grass-roots groundswell of outrage at the tactics of the Clinton enemies." So do I. I hope I'm a small part of such a groundswell.

ANN LINN BICK
Moorestown, New Jersey

The train truth

To the editors:

Your June 13 editorial questions public investment in high-speed trains ("All Aboard"). You say they consume more energy and carry more affluent riders. However, a major rationale for faster trains is to alleviate air congestion and reduce pressures for costly, environmentally disastrous new airports. For success, such trains *must* attract the affluent. The prospect of Boston-New York trains capable of 150 mph and, thus, three-hour running times may have shelved the second Boston airport.

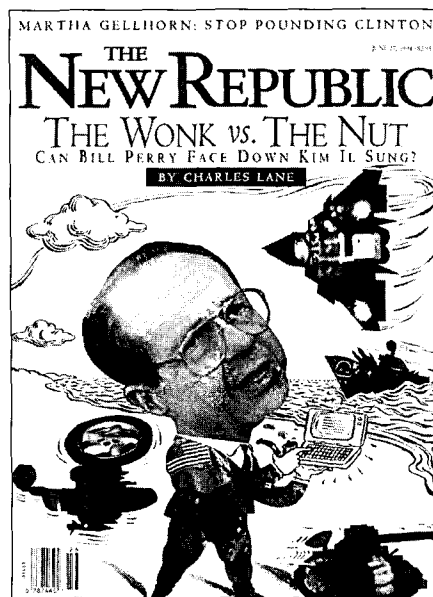
Your hypothesis about energy consumption is not always true. In Sweden, for example, multiclass X2000s consume slightly fewer kilowatt hours per passen-

ger mile than other intercity trains, presumably because of higher load factors, fewer stops and a more advanced design. Even if a fast train did consume more energy than a slower train, the fast train still would improve energy efficiency of the overall transportation system if enough passengers are diverted from fuel-guzzling planes.

ROSS CAPON
Executive Director, National Association
of Railroad Passengers
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

Trains shouldn't get a federal subsidy because they sprinkle the passengers with charm; rather, they should receive federal infrastructure investment, research funds and operating assistance



because they deliver more travel bang for the buck than their lavishly subsidized competitors, the civil aviation infrastructure and the highways. For sixty years the United States has been using its deficit to finance less efficient highway and aviation technologies while starving the more efficient rail mode and allowing advanced passenger-rail research and commercialization to move overseas. Americans should not be surprised that those countries running high-speed passenger trains are the same ones whose products have ousted American goods from the marketplace.

JAMES E. COSTON
Chicago Illinois

Crude put-down

To the editors:

By omitting its context, Andrew Kull ("Court and Spark," June 20) distorts the remark taken from my oral history

that "in *Brown v. Board of Education* nothing the lawyers said made a difference." I was not referring to the briefs. In discussing the importance of oral arguments in the decision-making process of the Supreme Court, I observed generally that "the more important the case is, the more far-reaching its effects, and the more the justices have studied and thought about the issues, the less likely it is that the quality of the oral arguments will affect the decision."

Asked whether *Brown* was that kind of case, my response (expressed in colorful terms I never expected would appear in print) reads, lifted out of context, like a crude put-down of Thurgood Marshall, a truly heroic figure in American law whom I greatly respect. I should have been more alert to the perils of misleading quotation, and wish I could take it back. I certainly did not intend to disparage Marshall's leadership role in *Brown* or the crusade for racial justice that he and his colleagues in the Legal Defense Fund successfully waged in the courts.

PHILIP ELMAN
Bethesda, Maryland

Real backbone

To the editors:

Whom is Liesl Schillinger ("Bride and Seek," June 27) trying to kid? It would no doubt surprise Steve Young's customers to know that intelligent, attractive, family-oriented women are abundant here in the U.S.A. Trouble is, so many of us are already devoted to our single-parent lives after learning the hard way that depending on a traditional partner is not a survival skill. Qualities, real or imagined, foreign to one society are commonly considered romantic in another. (Anyone who's ever read a Harlequin Romance knows that). Paradoxically, a comparable business for rich, aging international men sounds like a sure success. "Meet beautiful, exciting, American women—hurry, your family is waiting!" This idea doesn't pretend to be a plan for world peace, just some well-deserved perks for the real backbone of society; or at least a few quiet, "free" meals without a sink full of dishes to wash—at least not until after the wedding.

LITA M. NUERNBERGER
Gainesville, Florida

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

TRB[®]

FROM WASHINGTON

Mr. Universe

White House press secretary Dee Dee Myers recently said that President Clinton will sign a health care bill if it provides "universal coverage" by a "date certain." Asked what fraction of Americans would have to be included before coverage qualified as "universal," she replied, "We're just not going to talk numbers." I don't want to sound like a nit-picker, but I had always thought the word "universal" was a number—specifically, 100 percent, as in "100 percent of Americans." Indeed, I had assumed that Clinton had this meaning specifically in mind when, in initially framing his health care goals, he chose "universal" over such alternative formulations as "partial," "spotty" and "still fairly inequalitarian."

Myers doesn't appear to be free-lancing here. There are other signs that Clinton is hastily installing an escape hatch in his famous threat to veto any health care bill lacking universal coverage. *The New York Times* recently quoted an anonymous official as saying that Hillary Rodham Clinton is willing to compromise on the issue because "she doesn't want to blow her husband's presidency after two years in office. And face it, that's what this is."

This is the sort of melodramatic analysis that underlies calls for Clinton to compromise. He *must* deliver a bill of *some* kind by the midterm elections, it is said, because (a) Americans so badly want health care reform and (b) he has staked so much prestige on reform.

As for (a): health care reform is like cutting the deficit; everyone loves it in the abstract but grows suddenly ambivalent when it assumes concrete form. What triggers this mood swing is the news that there's no free lunch. Universal coverage means taxes, either implicit (employer mandates) or explicit. And making a large dent in health care costs means rationing, either implicit (some HMOs) or explicit.

Clinton might have explained all this from the beginning, and explained also why the goal warrants the cost and sacri-

fice (which it does). But he never did. So, barring some last-minute burst of presidential pedagogy, the health care bill Congress finally delivers will face a P.R. problem: if it pleases many voters by providing real coverage, it will outrage many voters by costing real money. In sheerly political terms, supporting a health care bill that actually passes is no better than being in the role Clinton would occupy after a veto: the champion of universal coverage—in the abstract.

Which brings us to (b): the amount of Clinton's prestige riding on health care, and the damage supposedly done to his image if he fails to pass a bill. The main problem with Clinton's image isn't a perceived failure to get things done. It's a perceived willingness to do *anything* to get *something* done—sacrifice any principle, cave in to any interest group. In short, people think he's the kind of guy who would, under pressure, back off from a principled threat to veto something.

White House advisers surely know that a veto retreat would exacerbate this part of Clinton's image problem. But do they really sense the magnitude of the problem? Reflect for a moment on the Paula Jones allegations—according to which, you will recall, Clinton partially disrobed and then, with implied coercion, said, "Kiss it." What is most glaringly wrong with this picture? That's right—the idea of Clinton demanding that someone submit to his will. Now try instead to imagine him up in that motel room assiduously complying with the Antioch College guide to foreplay. ("Is this cool with you? ... Is *this* cool with you?") Easy, right? That's because this is now the standard caricature of Bill Clinton. He is thought of as someone who goes around saying—to senators, lobbyists, Bosnian Serbs, crazed Korean dictators—"Is *this* cool with you?"

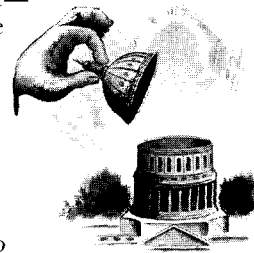
Naturally, the more he says this, the more often people say, "No." Democrats on the Senate Finance Committee casually disregarded Clinton's demand for universal coverage because they know he's not a force to be reckoned with.

One way to stop, or at least slow, this trend of growing disrespect is for Clinton to prominently do something tough and principled, something that invites antagonism and ignores pleas for compromise. (No, invading Haiti won't do—too obviously cynical in this part of its motivation, and too much an outgrowth of a classic Clinton cave-in: appeasing Randall Robinson and the Congressional Black Caucus.) What Clinton needs to do is stand up right now and unequivocally,

irreversibly repeat his veto threat.

In addition to shoring up Clinton's reputation, this maneuver would raise the chances of getting universal coverage this year. The game theorist Thomas Schelling once noted that the key to bargaining is to conspicuously surrender your freedom: in a game of chicken, rip out your steering wheel and toss it out the window in full view of the driver you're heading toward. Clinton has very little time to lock in his course before Congress concludes that he's once again bluffing and locks in its own course.

Resisting the temptation to fudge the definition of "universal" would also help contain Clinton's growing reputation for sophistry. The legitimacy of equating "universal" with, say, 95 percent is purported to lie in an analogy with "full employment." And



it's true, of course, that economists often apply this term to an employment rate under 100 percent. But they mean "full" in the sense of maximum employment *under market conditions*, without government intervention. The whole

point of health care reform is intervention in a market that otherwise has unsatisfactory outcomes. And we know from experience that in this context "universal" can indeed mean 100 percent. Though there are no market economies with truly full employment, plenty of these countries have installed truly universal health care.

Of course, there is the principled argument against a principled stand: Clinton might have to deliver on his veto threat, and—politics aside—getting no health care bill would be bad for the nation. Well, maybe. But at this point the chances of coherent legislation emerging from Congress are 50-50 at best. Even if he signs no bill, Clinton will still have moved the debate to a new level, and he still can do what he said he would do in the event of a veto: start all over again in 1995. And this time he can give us an intelligible plan and an honest discussion of its costs and benefits. (And, by admitting that his first plan was too confusing, he can dish just enough disrespect in Hillary's direction to avoid the ironic pitfall of seeming, in his great moment of moral leadership, to be caving in yet again, this time to the First Lady.) In the meantime, with an unflinching veto, Clinton will have accomplished what his presidency most needs: in full view of everyone, and in the face of intense pressure, he will have told someone to kiss it.

ROBERT WRIGHT

AUGUST 1, 1994

DEMAGOGUERY IN AMERICA

Sometime in the late '80s or early '90s, word began to get around that the "post-ideological" hour in American culture had arrived. Not so fast. Americans are a creed-intoxicated people. First principles are not the fashions of American politics, they are the foundations. So it is not altogether a bad thing that the religious right is stirring again. There are matters of policy, after all, that cannot be philosophically finessed.

It was inevitable that the election of a Democrat to the White House, and a philosophically dodgy Democrat, would animate the religious right. Oliver North's candidacy in Virginia, and the steady successes of the movement at the local level of politics, are measures of that animation. But the defeat of the right in 1992 also provoked it to a coarseness that brings to mind the lowest moments in the history of American demagoguery. Jerry Falwell recently secured his place in that history with a videotape that accused President Clinton of arranging the murder of an Arkansas gumshoe who was on the trail of one of the former governor's alleged trysts; and Pat Robertson is close behind, with a videotape suggesting that Vincent Foster was murdered. (This was not exactly what Tertullian had in mind when he instructed Christians to believe the absurd.)

The rhetorical violence of the religious right is extraordinary. Pat Robertson: "Just like what Nazi Germany did to the Jews, so liberal America is now doing to the evangelical Christians." Jerry Falwell: "Modern U.S. Supreme Courts have raped the Constitution and raped the Christian faith and raped the churches." Randall Terry: "I want you to just let a wave of intolerance wash over you. I want you to let a wave of hatred wash over you. Yes, hate is good." William Dannemeyer: "The homosexual blitzkrieg has been better planned and executed than Hitler's." Donald Wildmon: "If the people who control the networks in Hollywood were 59 percent Christian and if they were only 1 percent as anti-Semitic as the networks currently are anti-Christian, there would be a massive public outcry." (Wildmon's mock scientific bigotry has a special charm, as in his finding that "non-Christian values were shown at the rate of 12.2 per programming hour, while Christian values were aired at an average of 4.48 per programming hour.")

The national conversation, as they like to say at Hilton Head, is getting pretty unpleasant. Some of the sterling sentences just quoted are taken from *The Reli-*

gious Right, a remarkable monograph recently issued by the Anti-Defamation League. (This report should establish once and for all the ADL's commitment to a tolerant and pluralistic America.) That monograph notes that there are about 30 million Americans who call themselves evangelicals and fundamentalists. There are a greater number of Americans, certainly, who call their politics Christian. It is important to stipulate, therefore, what many liberals fail to stipulate: that not all believers are inquisitors. Religion in politics is not religion *tout court*. And the teaching of exclusiveness that characterizes all the monotheistic faiths is not, except in the hands of haters, the teaching of hate.

The religious right has the right, and the duty, to make its views known. And yet its conflation of religion with morality is preposterous, as the decent lives of secular conservatives show. There is also something pathetic about its inability to understand the nature of the opposition. The opposition is not, in the words of the pharisaical Patrick Buchanan, "Christian-bashing." No, the stumbling block for the godless in an open, liberal polity is not Christian views. It is Christian reasons.

Religious reasons will not persuade or compel the nonreligious. Consider the question of abortion. For some Americans not to have abortions, it is not enough that other Americans believe in God. They, the ones considering abortion, must believe in God, too; or they must be given different reasons not to have an abortion, reasons that have meaning within their framework of meaning, which is a secular framework. There *are* secular reasons not to recommend abortion, and those are the reasons that must be debated, if the opposition to abortion is to be more than a mere report of somebody else's certainty. The intensity of a conviction, moreover, says nothing about its merit. You may be religious about life, but I may be "religious" (the word is itself a metaphor for intensity of conviction) about choice.

Liberals must not take the occasion of religious demagoguery to confirm themselves in their dogma that the godless have nothing to learn from the godful. But the religious demagoguery must stop. "We find it very troubling that President Clinton is using his Christianity to validate his public policies," the head of the Christian Coalition recently observed. Metaphysician, heal thyself. •

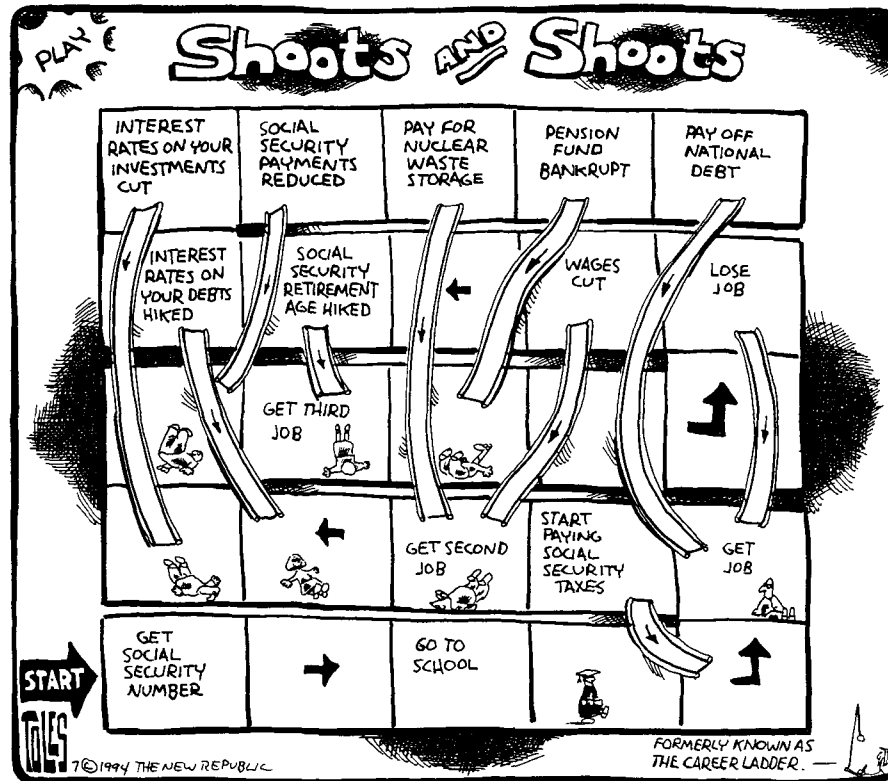


NOTEBOOK

THE AMALFI HOST: Like thousands of other upper-middle-class American families, the Clintons spent part of July in Europe. And while Dad did the important business, Mom and daughter did the sights. They visited Positano and Amalfi, window-shopped for designer sunglasses with Mrs. Berlusconi and paid a call on Gore Vidal, who, with his grand villa, is the leading expatriate grandee in Ravello. Now, what interests might Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Vidal share? Surely it cannot be his obsessive and amply documented anti-Semitism, which derives from the ugliest formulations of post-World War I Vienna and Berlin. Jewish citizens of the United States are, for example, in his eyes, just residents in the "host country," (unlike, say, an American in Italy). Of course, he also despises Christianity—but that's not least because, as Alfred Kazin pointed out in these pages, it was founded by Jews. Vidal's last novel, *Live from Golgotha*, has Jesus joyously characterize himself as a "twentieth-century Zionist terrorist." The writer's rancors extend also to Asians, who, he seems to believe, want to overwhelm us simply because "we" are white. But then, those rancors seem to apply to almost everyone who has risen in America but does not descend from his own "before Ellis Island" stock. This, Mrs. Clinton might note, includes the president himself, whom Vidal, in an article in *GQ*, unfavorably compared to FDR: Roosevelt's great strength, he wrote, was "the aristocrat's self-confidence," while Clinton's great weakness is his "nervous eagerness to serve his numerous betters." Vidal does think that the president possesses at least one asset, which is "a perfect lack of principle." Still, he told *Inside Media* last year, "there will be no differences between the Clinton administration and the Bush administration." Mrs. Clinton, as is well-known, is not exactly blind to enemies. What on earth drew her to make this haughty hater a friend?

BLANCH AND SHRIVEL: For all their tedium, the confirmation hearings for Judge Stephen Breyer offered a refreshing vision of the confirmation process at its best: the ratio of windy speeches to actual questions was relatively low, and the nominee was relatively forthcoming. This year's Joe Biden award for confirmation bloviation, however, goes to Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming, who devoted fifteen minutes of his opening statement to a soliloquy about his own intellectual rigor: "All of us do ask tough questions," the rangy lawmaker opined, "for which we get tough commentary." Simpson then threateningly suggested

that supporters of the abortion clinic access bill would "blanch and shrivel," and he predicted the Religious Freedom Restoration Act would arrive at Justice Breyer's door, "waiflike, writhing." There were other heroes of the first day of testimony before the Judiciary Committee. Foremost among them was the aide to Senator Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio who accidentally whacked Senator Patrick Leahy of Ver-



mont on the head with a giant Styrofoam supply and demand curve.

EVERYBODY WYNNS:

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The price for Congressman Albert Wynn's cocktail reception on June 20th was misprinted as \$250. The actual contribution is \$100. Hope you will take advantage of this big discount. Look forward to seeing you there.

Where: **National Democratic Club**

When: **Monday, June 20**

Time: **6:00 - 8:00 pm**

RSVP: **(410) 298-3229**

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BLAST RITES

By Jennifer Allen

Under a hazy July sky, they have come; civilians, dressed in shorts and T-shirts, caps and sneakers, passing through acres of space and war—a Saturn V, a Jupiter C, a Pershing II, an SR-71 Blackbird, a Space Shuttle, a Skylab, a Lunar Rover, a Redstone, a Moon Rock. They ride weightlessly on a spacewalking Ferris wheel. They crawl into human-size Lotto balls, awaiting the flick of the switch that will send them into a popping frenzy in a vacuum air-shaft. They sit strapped in metal chairs, twirling, the G-force stretching brain waves, hair bands, heart valves. “These are not rides,” an official warns us. “These are *simulators*.” This is Alabama’s No. 1 tourist attraction, the U.S. Space and Rocket Center and Space Camp in Huntsville. “Rocket City, U.S.A.”

Rocket City is built on bedrock beside the Redstone Arsenal and NASA’s Marshall Space Flight Center. This is where the tests for man’s launch into outer space began. After World War II the government stationed more than 100 German rocket scientists here, working under the supervision of “prisoner of peace” Dr. Werner von Braun for the Army Ballistic Ordnance Corps. Along with documents and components to build the V-2 (Vengeance Weapon 2), the Germans brought their families and later set up a symphony, an art museum and a von Braun civic center. After ten years of building bombs, the rocket team joined a new agency called NASA, where it applied ballistic missile principles to building rockets for space travel. Back then, the captive-fire ground tests of the Saturn V sent windows cracking, buildings shaking, mud flowing from wells. Today, Huntsville is filled with Waffle Houses, shimmering church marquees and gas station mini-marts. “If it weren’t for the rockets,” one 78-year-old native says, “Huntsville would have been a little farm town like so many other farm towns in Alabama—dried up.”

“The younger generation doesn’t remember World War II,” says Ed Buckbee, von Braun’s former public affairs officer and the retired director of the Rocket Center. Still, the younger generation is actively present, for today is Space Camp graduation day, a weekly event. One participant, dressed in Birkenstocks and a NASA jumpsuit, eats pizza, licks his fingers, slumps by. It is also the start of a three-day Parent/Child Camp, a \$500 space-bonding experience. It is also the day of a Shuttle launch from the Cape.

“Sometimes we have to leave a kid in space,” says a

Rocket Center publicist, Marianne. Marianne is talking *mock* space walks, *mock* return to mother ship, *mock* sacrifice to save the mission: typical space camp experiences. “We don’t fake the fun stuff,” she says. “Sometimes a life and death decision must be made.” For these reasons, serious panic drills are not thrust on the younger spacers. Teen spacers, however, get it all: oxygen run-out, engine failure, fuel-cell collapse.

“You blast off, a meteor hits you and your ship blows up—it’s pretty fun,” says Andy, 10, informing us of our immediate future. Our future involves a Journey to Jupiter, a “beware of back and neck injury” ride where we will sit with our hips strapped to seats that jolt with every rock of the craft. Andy’s already been to Jupiter, but he’s going again with his sister, Thyme. Andy’s basketball shoes flash red blinking lights with every bounce and every step. He’s not particularly impressed with the space gear on display. “Sometime,” he says, “they’re going to come up with new ideas, and then they’re going to have to tear all this down.”

“All this” refers to the center’s main exhibit room, which includes a life-size mock-up of Skylab, a piece of the space station that plunged into Australia and a video featuring the lifting of weightless weights in gravity-free space. You can also find nearly every notable fact of the Apollo program. The training suits of Apollo I astronauts, who died in a fire on the launch pad, stand grimly erect. Nearby, a young father is reading the contents of an early survival kit to his Cub Scout son. “Six pounds of water, desalination kit for purifying sea water, a one-man life raft, a radio beacon, a portable light, sunglasses, a machete, a small medical kit, a sea anchor, a dye marker and a sun hat.” The father explains, “Just in case you happen to come down somewhere and they forget to retrieve you, you have all these things, see?”

Up the stairs, past the Cosmonaut mannequins and the Salyut 7 flight suit courtesy of Sotheby’s, lies the U.S. Army Missile Defense exhibit. Sponsored by Micom, Hughes and Raytheon, the exhibit is a battlefield of video reels competing for your complete attention. Watch *War in the Gulf*, where Hellfire missiles explode the desert. Or get an overview of the many possible uses of the shoot-from-the-shoulder Stinger missile. This last reel mixes shots of Afghans shooting low-flying jets with shots of a mother bottle-nursing a baby in a rocking chair. “Because of missiles like these,” a narrator intones, “babies like this sleep in a much safer and more secure world.”

“Does it blow up completely?” a mom asks her family at the rocket counter in the space store. “I’m just worried if you shoot it off, you won’t get it back.” Mom towers above her two sons and her one husband as they all study the instructions on a box containing an ERX Dagger Flying Model Rocket Kit, Skill Level 1. “Flies over 1,000 feet, *supposedly*,” mom says, adding that they’ll never find Total Impulse model rocket engines in Mobile.

“Glider returns for multiple flights?” her older son reads. “Streamer releases for booster recovery?”

"All right, all right," says dad, "this goes up and this comes back."

"What?" asks mom, "This is what comes back? Where does that go then?" No one knows. They put the rocket back and consider buying freeze-dried strawberries, freeze-dried ice cream and freeze-dried pizza instead.

"I sometimes wonder why so many youngsters still come here," says Konrad Dannenburg, former German rocket scientist, current Space Camp lecturer. "There is no big chance for youngsters to get into the space industry. If we had a space station that would change the situation." Dannenburg wears a burgundy blazer, a man-on-the-moon tie and an F-1 booster tie pin. He came to the United States in 1945. It was either that or stay in "kaput" Germany and work on car engines. "I think for our young people the problem today is they don't really have any major goals," he tells me. "Our present goal is only to find them some more jobs at Burger King."

What are the goals beyond Burger King, model rockets and electric sneakers? Dannenburg offers three: a space station, a moon revisit, a Mars program. "The earth may be damaged," he explains. "I think it's even today where Jupiter is being hit, yeah? That might happen to us."

We decide to watch the Shuttle launch. Dannenburg reaches for a nearby remote to a T.V. set. Power on. Screen blank. We walk to the multi-T.V.-screen station hanging over the Space Camp training room floor. All sixteen screens are blank. Dannenburg asks for answers. Dannenburg gets an immediate one: the receiver is out. "It does not look hopeful," he says, shakes my hand, adds, "I think I go do something else," and disappears into an oncoming rush of kids.

JENNIFER ALLEN is a free-lance writer.

How deadbeat dads can reform welfare.

KID STUFF

By Paul Offner

During the 1992 campaign Bill Clinton railed at deadbeat dads who don't pay child support. "We'll garnish your wages, we'll suspend your license, we'll track you across state lines and, if necessary, we'll make some of you work off what you owe," he warned. So far, however, the president's threats have yielded few results. The Department of Health and Human Services reports that of the \$47 billion in child support that should be collected in 1994, only \$13 billion actually will be paid. If history is any guide, many of the people who get stiffed will end up

on welfare, which is why the Clinton welfare reform proposal, like others before it, includes tougher child support enforcement. The trouble is, it may not be tough enough.

There are many reasons why the current system isn't working: the failure to fully automate child support records; turf fights between state, county and local court officials. But the main reason is that the states haven't devoted the necessary resources to enforcement. "There is simply not enough staff working in the program," says a report by the Commission on Interstate Child Support. Ideally, a child support caseworker would have 300 cases; instead, the average caseworker today has at least 1,000 cases, according to the General Accounting Office. This understaffing occurs even though the federal government funds more than 80 percent of the program—and even though the states have an incentive to do better. When child support owed to welfare recipients is collected, welfare payments are reduced. Most large, northern states get to keep half of the resulting savings, so for every dollar they invest in child support enforcement, they save at least that much in welfare costs. Last year alone, thanks to this arrangement, the states pocketed \$475 million.

Why don't states invest more? One problem is that child support programs are often buried in state welfare departments, so many governors and legislators don't see their money-making potential. In addition, the rules handed down by federal child support bureaucrats are so detailed and inflexible that they impede state collection efforts. They dictate how fast money coming in to a child support office must go out, how fast information collected by the staff must be passed on to caseworkers and what forms must be filled out. They mandate that 75 percent of all cases must be "worked" in an audit period, whether that accomplishes anything or not. The emphasis is on process rather than product—and it shows. Between 1983 and 1992 the percentage of cases in which state agencies collected child support increased only slightly, from 14.7 to 18.7. At that rate, it will be the year 2062 before we make collections in half the cases.

To repair the system—to hold states accountable for lax enforcement—that emphasis should be reversed. "Audits should focus more on program effectiveness than on simple compliance with processes," Reagan HHS Secretary Margaret Heckler argued in 1983. The current secretary, Donna Shalala, agrees. The states say they agree, too, but it's hard to tell if they mean it. When former Representative Tom Downey of New York chaired the Welfare Subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee, he issued a report comparing states' success at collecting child support. The states howled. State child support directors claimed that you can't make such comparisons because states differ in areas such as income and population. Asked to grade the federal government's performance on Downey's 1991 report card, the states gave child support bureaucrats a C. Downey, in turn, gave the states a D.

This finger-pointing suggests that the biggest problem is not just with child support, but with all social welfare programs run jointly by the federal government and the states, including Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) and Medicaid. The two sides are constantly at each other's throats, and millions of dollars are wasted on unnecessary audits and law suits. Medicare, by contrast, is administered entirely by the federal government and operates smoothly, with little controversy (apart from complaints by doctors and hospitals that they are not paid enough). In AFDC's case, joint administration may be unavoidable, since national objectives (providing a safety net) must be balanced against local ones (encouraging work, holding down local costs). But that is not the case with child support enforcement, where the objectives are broadly shared.

The president hopes to remedy all this in his welfare bill. He proposes comprehensive reforms—"the toughest child support enforcement measures in the history of this country," he says. Fathers who don't pay child support would lose any professional or occupational licenses they hold, as well as their driver's licenses. Mothers who don't cooperate in tracking down the father of their children would be denied benefits. Every state would have to create a central registry of child support orders to help find delinquent, deserting dads. And the new system would be based on performance rather than process.

The administration believes that these and other changes can turn the system around. Maybe so. But if the results haven't improved dramatically within, say, five years, we should federalize child support and run it as an adjunct to the tax system. No longer would delinquent fathers be able to avoid their obligations by moving to another state. Child support would become a federal obligation on a par with income taxes; the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) could go after deadbeats. Moreover, it would be up to Congress, not the states, to make sure that the program was adequately staffed.

Critics of federalizing the program say it runs counter to the current enthusiasm for decentralization, and that it won't fix all the problems of the local court systems. That's true; many local courts have huge backlogs and delays. Yet federalization will streamline the rest of the system. The IRS is also unenthusiastic about the idea, believing that it would inherit a whole new set of administrative headaches. That's also true—but the IRS is more competent to deal with these problems than fifty competing, poorly staffed state governments.

The fact is, we can't continue along our present path. Welfare caseloads have grown by 30 percent since 1991 in part because many dads are not supporting their children. With the exception of a few states (Delaware, Michigan, Washington), the child support system isn't working. If we truly mean to reform welfare, we'll have to fix it.

PAUL OFFNER is a legislative aide to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. The views expressed here are his own.

In search of Georgia's floods.

WATER LOG

By Mary Hood

High and Dry

I was on my way to a flood, listening to the radio for updates about closed roads and washed-out bridges. I wondered if I had packed the right gear. What do you wear to a flood? What do you carry in?

I chose to wear what I had on and waste no room on clothes, just an extra pair of socks and shoes. I used up the cargo area and the passenger seats, too, with bottled water, a five-foot sassafras walking stick to whop snakes out of the trees (one hears such stories!), a claw hammer, screwdrivers, a pair of pliers, scissors, mailing tape and a length of nylon cord that I could imagine variously as a lifeline, a towline, a clothesline and something vaguely, heroically obstetrical. Also, a flashlight, two granola bars, my slimline Bible, an atlas and a can of insect repellent. As I packed, I trembled. I prefer to think of it as excitement, but my mind was so blank I believe it was cowardice. Still, I went.

It was a good-looking road I took, two-laned, fresh-striped and smooth. I kept meeting trucks, convoys of eighteen-wheelers detouring around central Georgia's ravaged river towns. I knew they came from where I wanted to go.

Once, on a lonely stretch, when it was just my car for as far as I could see, I came to a slight downhill. There, in the dark skirts of the oaks along the creek I crossed, was a stain. Like a smile. Dust-colored. It was only when I was over the bridge that I realized that the "smile" was the high-water mark, dried mud. The line was about eight feet above the roof of my car.

At the turn south on U.S. 19, I wanted to go where a barricade said I couldn't. When I got to Butler, the man at the B.P. station said, "Oh, yeah, it's that mobile home wedged under the bridge."

I asked about Americus, the next major town. I said, "I guess it's just human nature to want to see for myself."

"Just don't," he said. Without any humor. "Some many have died there, looking on."

It thundered. "More rain," I said.

He said, "It knows how."

Playing the Edges

Every town I drove through had been declared a disaster area. The signs were everywhere, natural and man-made. Weeds in the ditches and grass; whole uprooted trees lying due south, as though combed, slicked down

by the run of the waters. Here and there the washouts had collapsed into gaps as large as cars—or houses. Highway workers had tied neon-bright streamers to stakes where the road had been taken out.

I drove till dark. That was my goal and my limit. There were not many lodgings along the way. None, in fact. And few in the little towns themselves. I stopped at the one MOTEL sign I saw.

I rang the bell twice, as it said on the hand-printed card on the door, and I stepped back, as it said, and I waited. A man's voice said, "You can come in." All of a sudden I didn't want to.

I registered. Paid \$26 and change for a room.

"How many beds do you want?" he asked. Bombay accent. Dark eyes.

"One will do." It must have sounded to him like "one or two."

"One? Or two?" He stared hard.

"One." I was firm.

"I would like to give you my very best room," he said, pushing the Kwikset key to No. 4 through the window to me. "But it has two beds." He shook his head. "You take. Two beds," he said. "Don't please use but one bed."

My room faced north. All night I heard the trucks gearing up the little rise into town, roaring past. In the morning, I opened the door. The air had that rich, drenched, drowned scent I had been noticing for miles, since I reached the flood. On the pond—or what I thought was a pond—fog rose. From somewhere there came a low, deep, half-musical hum: I thought it was the motel's owner meditating. When I took my luggage out to the car, I realized it was the cry of a heron. Then I looked, in daylight, in horror, at what I had not seen in the dark the night before—the flood itself, at my door. The road crews had marked the bridge; it had been underwater the day before I crossed it.

It was almost beautiful. The black mud, littered with flotsam and jetsam, looked like a mirror dotted with lotuses. It wasn't lotuses, though. It was plastic trash:

Lost and Found

At Albany, the water was receding at last. The houses and churches and markets wore little mud mustaches, about eight inches above the placid murk they stood in. At the convenience store I asked about the local zoo. "Oh, they lost a lot. Wasn't much they could do. The 'gators and the crocodiles," he told me with quiet endurance, "are loose in my neighborhood. Just wandering."

The flood—so determined, so much in a hurry to get to its next victim—has given and taken. Great canyons lie open in incredibly green, lush fields of cotton and peanuts. Some of that red dirt and pink sand has scoured its way along the Kinchafoonee Creek and Muckalee and the Chikasawhatchee into the Flint River and wound up miles away, parked in the municipal lot at Albany's Civic Center. A serious-sounding pump works behind the gray sandbags to keep the auditorium dry for a shelter. This is the neighborhood right

on the river. The roofs are visible. The houses are under. From these roiling brown waters workers have struggled for days to catch the dead as they rise from the two lowland cemeteries—washing out of their vaults in sealed caskets and floating downriver, more than 100 so far.

"With reverence for the departed and consideration for those who remain," reads the ad for Elliott's Funeral Home in the Yellow Pages. "We got 'em all," said the home's owner, Ann Elliott, just back from three days on grave duty. Forensic specialists, archaeologists, the National Guard and others ("Thank God for the Marines," she said) have come from all over the country to help. Identifying the bodies will come later. "For now, we're just tying them up to trees. The river's too swift for our boats." And then they are taken to storage.

"Can't bury," she said. "Not yet." The earth—like the sea—gives up its dead, and like the living, has had all it can take.

The water came almost into the yard at Elliott's. We stood and looked. Overhead, National Guard helicopters shattered the air, whipped the quiet afternoon. "Go ahead," Elliott cried, waving up at them. "They've been just wonderful," she said. "Everybody has."

MARY HOOD is the author of the forthcoming novel *Familiar Heat* (Knopf).

A fight for the peninsula's soul.

CRIMEA SCENE

By Anna Husarska

Across from the railway station in Simferopol, there used to be a statue of Vladimir I. Lenin and Joseph V. Stalin sitting side by side on a bench. They sat there until February 1956, when the granite likeness of Joseph Vissarionovich was surreptitiously sawed off and removed. This merciless deed was perpetrated a few days after Nikita S. Khrushchev's Secret Speech denouncing Stalin's crimes at the Twentieth Communist Party Congress. The speech started a thaw in the Soviet Union. Because of it, many people deported on Stalin's orders were allowed to return home—but not the Crimean Tatars, although they had been subjected to particularly ruthless treatment.

Half a century ago the term "ethnic cleansing" was not yet in use, but the thing itself was. On May 18, 1944, an operation was carried out against the entire population of Tatars, an indigenous Turkic Muslim people who had been living on the Crimean peninsula since the thir-



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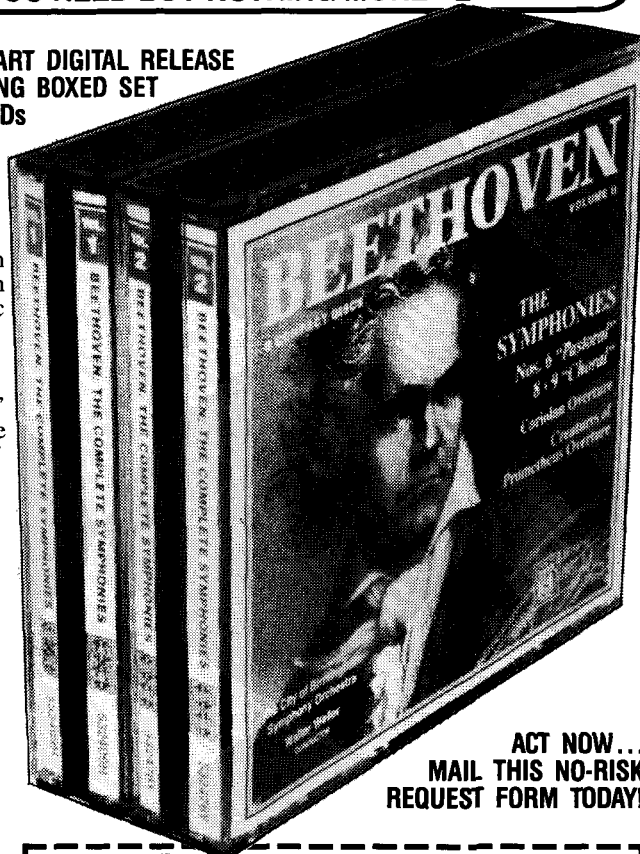
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teenth century. Accused of collaborating with the Germans, more than 180,000 Tatars—mostly women, children and old people—were rounded up and deported to Central Asian republics, mainly to Uzbekistan. Stalin is widely blamed for the scheme, yet the inspiration probably came from his bench-buddy, Vladimir Illich. “In Crimea there are 300,000 bourgeois,” he had warned in 1920. “They are source of future speculation, spying, all sorts of support to capitalists. But we are not afraid of them. . . . We will take them, divide them, subjugate them, digest them.”

They were taken away, yes, but not divided, subjugated or digested. Exactly fifty years after being deported, the Crimean Tatars are back from exile. Thanks largely to communism’s collapse, 250,000 Tatars, united and unsubdued, have returned to start their life anew.

At the time of the expulsion, Crimea was known as the Autonomous Socialist Soviet Republic of Crimea. A year later it was incorporated into the Russian Federation. In 1954 Khrushchev rather whimsically transferred it from the Russian SFSR to the Ukrainian SSR. Then, it was a meaningless gesture, but before most of the Tatars were allowed to return, the USSR ceased to exist and Crimea became a semiautonomous region of the independent Ukraine.

In December 1991 a slight majority of Crimeans voted for Ukrainian independence. Paradoxically, after the vote, a secessionist movement sprang up. Perhaps, on second thought, the Russians, who constitute 60 percent of the peninsula’s population of 2.7 million, saw a better future with Moscow, because the Ukrainian economy makes the Russian economy look healthy (well, healthier). In June 1993 the Ukrainian Parliament appeased the separatists by granting Crimea autonomy and sanctioning elections for a “Crimean president.”

Last January Russian nationalist Yuri A. Meshkov won the Crimean presidency by a landslide. In parliamentary elections a few months later Meshkov’s party took the majority of seats; at the same time, in an informal referendum, three-quarters of Crimeans voted to increase his power. Meshkov is now pushing for closer ties with Russia while pulling back from Ukraine, a move that could drive a wedge between Moscow and Kiev (although Leonid Kuchma’s victory in last Sunday’s Ukrainian presidential elections may mean that Ukraine, including Crimea, will drift closer to Russia anyway). An even dicier issue is the Black Sea fleet, whose home base is the Crimean port of Sevastopol. Ever since the USSR disintegrated, Russia and Ukraine have been vying for control of the 350-ship fleet. As of now, the two republics are to share command through 1995, but the situation is volatile. Things have been made more explosive by increasingly vocal nationalist movements in Moscow (e.g., Vladimir Volfovich Zhirinovsky) and in Kiev and Lviv. With Zhirinovsky’s and Meshkov’s antics in mind, Kiev may not want to give up its atomic weapons—not just yet.

So far, the Tatars are only a subplot in the dispute

over Crimea. They are a tiny minority of the population—only 10 percent—and they are newcomers of sorts. Unlike the Russians and the Ukrainians, they have no sponsors, powerful or otherwise, and no *home* homeland.

“To whom can we go and complain of the injustice we suffer if the people who deported us are no longer alive, and the state that they represented has vanished?” asks Fievziye Muradosilova, a teacher in her early 30s who was born in Tajikistan. When she arrived four years ago in Alushta, on Crimea’s southern coast, Fievziye could not get an apartment or a piece of land for a homestead. “Before my mother died I promised her that I would return to where she lived, so I had to do it.” She rented a tent and planted it on the square in front of the Alushta town hall, living there with dozens of Tatars in her situation. After five months of daily protests they were finally assigned apartments or plots. Like other returnees, Fievziye also had problems finding a job: the rate of unemployment among Crimean Tatars is 70 percent, compared to 17 percent for the region as a whole. Part of the reason may be that while most ex-Soviet citizens were adapting themselves to a market economy, Tatars were busy moving and resettling.

Idrove to the Kurbiek settlement, where Tatars who squatted in a valley called Krasnyj Raj (Red Paradise) were assigned plots. The settlement is up in the hills, on a barely passable road. All around are unfinished houses; only one has a roof, and there is no water or electricity. I was about to inspect a ship container enlarged with cardboard and plastic sheeting when, from the cellar of the neighboring house, a man in his 80s emerged, gesturing to me to join him inside for a cup of coffee. His cellar had two minuscule rooms totaling 120 square feet. One was a storage place for mattresses and blankets; the other had a sofa, a gas stove and a small table. My host, Izzjet Kurtsejitu, assured me that he was 66 and introduced me to his wife, his aunt and the aunt’s daughter. “All four of you sleep here?” I asked with intentional sympathy. Yes, together with two sons, one daughter, three grandchildren and his aunt’s grandson. The older Kurtsejitus have retirement pensions, he told me. He receives the most—the equivalent of \$10 per month. Of the younger ones, only one son works; he is a guard and is paid \$5 per month. (One dollar buys eight of the yellow rough sandstone bricks, called *rakushkas*, that are used around here.)

“We were well-off in Tashkent,” Izzjet told me, almost apologetically. Any regrets about having moved here? “No!” they said in unison. Guljara, his wife, then smiled with a blinding display of golden teeth and explained that Tatars always lived in Crimea, that this is homeland, that this is where they belong. Did I understand? I said I did.

In fact, I understood how much the “return” meant to Crimean Tatars when I met Reshat Dzemilev, who arrived in Crimea from Uzbekistan in 1990 at age 60, having spent eight years in jail for fighting for that return.

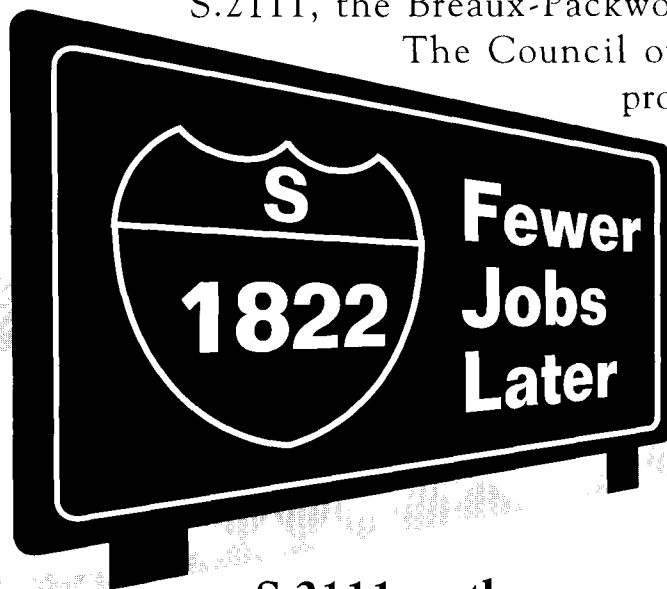


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He started early, in 1958, with one year in prison for gathering signatures on petitions demanding the rehabilitation of Tatars. When the petitions did not work, the Tatars switched to demonstrations. "In June 1969, at the feet of the Mayakovsky monument in Moscow, we held our first, very successful demonstration," Reshat beamed. "How many people do you estimate participated?" I inquired. "I do not estimate; I know—five." Embarrassed, I asked how long the demonstration lasted. "Almost seven minutes!" Oh, oh, now I understood.

The triple legitimacy in Crimea maintains the peninsula's peace: the population is largely Russian, the territory is Ukrainian, the history is Crimean Tatar. Now, three ethnic groups sit on the territory of a disintegrated ex-Communist state, inflammatory nationalists in the two capitals are calling for the defense of their ethnic kin and a third ethnic group, moderately Muslim, has nowhere else to go. Does that sound familiar? •

The media's wife-beating hype.

TRUTH ABUSE

By Katherine Dunn

An irritating by-product of the O.J. Simpson tragedy is the blizzard of balderdash about wife battering that has been loosed in the mainstream media. The double murders and the melodramatic events surrounding them are the latest pretext for spreading the anti-male propaganda that passes as socially responsible concern over domestic violence. Men are violent and therefore bad. Women are nonviolent and therefore good.

Let us note that on February 22, Maria Montalvo, a registered nurse in New Jersey, punished her husband for moving out after she had assaulted him. She drove their two preschool children to her husband's parents' house, where he was staying, and parked the car out front. She then doused the toddlers with gasoline and set them on fire. The burning car ignited another vehicle nearby and prevented the grandparents from rescuing them. Montalvo, whose husband had previously filed several complaints of assault to the police, is awaiting trial. Yet this case did not trigger a national discussion of how dangerous it is to leave a battering spouse. No domestic violence workers came forward in 1992 to decry the typical pattern of stalking, harassing phone calls and destruction of property that San Diego socialite Betty Broderich inflicted on her ex-husband before she murdered him and his new wife in their bed.

We are not being told the truth about domestic violence. For starters, it is nowhere near as extensive as the

media is claiming. Stories published since the Simpson murders claim that 2 million to 4 million women are beaten by their male partners regularly. Terms such as "epidemic" are tossed around, along with estimates that violence plagues 50 percent or more of all relationships. Yet two of the most respected researchers in the field of domestic violence, sociologists Murray Straus of the University of New Hampshire and Richard Gelles of the University of Rhode Island found in their 1985 National Family Violence Survey that 84 percent of American families are not violent. Among the 16 percent that are, only 3 to 4 percent include family members who engage in extreme violence (such as punching, kicking, using weapons).

Some advocacy groups claim that 4,000 women are killed by spousal abuse every year. But in 1992, in the high-risk group of women aged 18 to 34, there was a sufficiently grisly total of 702 fatalities. A Justice Department study, released July 10, reveals that among white spousal murder victims, 38 percent were male and 62 percent were female. Among black couples, 47 percent were male and 53 percent were female. A new study of FBI and census data by James Alan Fox, dean of Northeastern University's College of Criminal Justice, shows a drop of 18 percent in the overall rate of women killed by husbands or boyfriends since the late 1970s. And, though a majority of child sexual molestation is committed by men, the Justice Department found that women are responsible for more than half of the cases of child murder.

Straus and Gelles are two of the many researchers who have found domestic violence distributed equally between the sexes. In anonymous interviews with families randomly picked from the general population for their surveys, they found that half of all domestic violence involved mutual battery—both spouses brawling. In about half the cases of mutual battering, women were the instigators—the ones who slapped, slugged or swung weapons first. Male violence against passive wives occurred in one-quarter of the incidents; in another quarter of the incidents, women were the violent partners who attacked nonviolent spouses. When only the women's version of events was reported, the results were the same. And men were still equally victimized when only the most severe forms of violence were analyzed. "The main conclusion to be drawn from these findings," wrote the researchers, "is that women not only engage in physical violence as often as men, but they also initiate violence as often as men."

Advocacy groups often cite studies that show that 94 percent of battered women never hit back, but these are from very limited, self-selected groups who are actually in shelters or filing police reports. An accurate measure of the violence in the general population can only be made through large-scale, scientifically random surveys such as those conducted by Straus and Gelles.

Considering the hysterical tone of the hype, it's ironic that the actual rate of violence against women

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has dropped steadily since 1975 but the rate of female violence against men has stayed the same. "Violence by wives has not been an object of public concern," Gelles and Straus note. "There has been no publicity, and no funds have been invested in ameliorating this problem because it has not been defined as a problem."

One group that takes female violence seriously is the lesbian community, in which battery is a profoundly disturbing concern that is rarely discussed publicly. Martin Hiraga, director of the Anti-Violence Project for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, says that although no national studies have yet been done, all the available evidence points to domestic violence in lesbian couples occurring "no more and no less often than in heterosexual couples."

But this is not the picture of domestic violence that most of us see. Instead, we are presented with the image of males as the perpetrators of all violence toward women and children, and women as blameless, powerless, always nurturing victims. In cases where a wife attacks her husband, we are told, it is always an act of self-defense, brought on by years of escalating abuse. Men who are abused by their wives are fodder for jokes. Women who are abused by their husbands can get away with murder.

The last national misinformation campaign about domestic violence was the great Super Bowl hoax of 1993 (see "Fibbers," *TNR*, June 21, 1993). Advocacy groups claimed that watching football triggered male violence and that Super Bowl Sunday was the worst day of the year for wife-beating in the United States. That fiction was exposed, but the alleged football connection to domestic violence has been revived, with former all-star running back O.J. Simpson offered as proof that competitive sports inflame male brutality. No responsible editor would tolerate claims that the Simpson case proved that all black people are violent or that mixed marriages don't work. But the assumption that Simpson beat his wife because he is male and an athlete is accepted without question.

To complicate matters, radical women's groups actively oppose the spreading of more accurate information about gender equity in family violence. Take the case of Dr. Suzanne Steinmetz, director of the Family Research Institute at Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis. When her article, "The Battered Husband Syndrome," appeared in the journal *Victimology* in 1978, she was harassed by phone, there were threats to harm her children, her colleagues were lobbied to prevent her getting tenure and bomb threats were sent to a branch of the American Civil Liberties Union that had invited her to give a talk. Other researchers in the field report similar experiences, and male researchers are commonly accused of being batterers themselves.

These misconceptions not only hurt men; they also hurt women by inaccurately portraying them as weak children who cannot stand up for themselves but must be defended at all times. As Rene Denfeld, author of

The New Victorians, points out, "Protectionism is the key to sexism." The denial of female aggression is a destructive social myth. It robs an entire gender of a significant spectrum of power, leaving women less than equal with men and effectively keeping them "in their place" and under control. It is understandable that those who work with victims of violence should be extreme in defense of victims' rights, but deliberately ignoring a full 50 percent of the domestic violence problem guarantees that it will not be solved.

In the long term, appealing to women's physical weakness is a lousy strategy for feminists. As we claim our ability and our right to be fire fighters, police officers, jet pilots, surgeons or basketball stars, we must also own up to our uglier capacities. Those include the potential to batter our partners.

KATHERINE DUNN is the author of *Geek Love* (Knopf).

Judging the "Governing Governor."

NOT-SO-SUPER MARIO

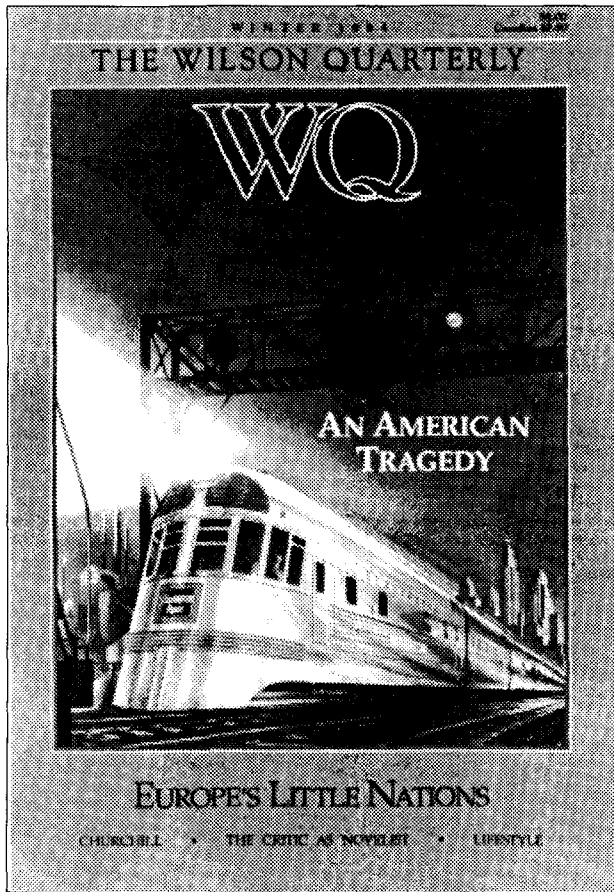
By James Ledbetter

As he seeks to give New York state voters a rationale for his fourth term as governor, Mario Cuomo has bristled at suggestions that a chief executive needs a single area of accomplishment. "When you do as many things as I have," Cuomo told *New York* magazine recently, "instead of taking one subject and saying, 'I'm the Drug Governor,' it gets lost in the public consciousness." Rather, Cuomo says, he should be hailed as "the Governing Governor."

But how has he governed? Here's a test case. In January 1983, his first month in office, Cuomo pledged he would stimulate economic growth in New York City by moving four dozen state agencies out of the fifty floors they occupied in the World Trade Center (WTC). The state had been leasing space from WTC's owner, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, since 1968, and occupied 2.2 million square feet at a discount rate of \$10 per square foot. Cuomo's plan would have three distinct effects. First, it would free up rental space sought by private-sector firms and attract new jobs to the city. Second, by placing state agencies in the outer boroughs, it would revitalize the economies of those areas. Third, it would help pay for new development. Cuomo and then-Governor of New Jersey Tom Kean would create a Fund for Regional Development, which would take the difference between the state's bargain rate at WTC and the higher market rate paid by private tenants and use it to finance projects of their choosing. "This

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move is a good one for us all, for business as well as government," Cuomo said at the time.

The plan sounded great, blending wonk liberalism with bottom-line pragmatism—trademark Cuomo. More than ten years after its inception, though, it has to be considered a skyscraper-sized flop. To date, the scheme has cost taxpayers more than \$300 million. Even if it had been administered flawlessly, New York state would still be paying at least \$21 million more in rent each year than it was when the agencies were in the WTC. None of the dozens of new state leases was subject to competitive bidding; most large ones went to big Cuomo campaign donors. Meanwhile, long leases and the collapse of the New York City real estate market locked the state into exorbitant outer borough rates. In fact, in several cases, the state could have bought comparable space for what it was paying in rent.

Take, for example, what happened to the state Department of Labor. It is now housed at One Main Street on the Fulton Landing waterfront in Brooklyn, a desolate location. One Main is owned by David Walentas, a real estate mogul who has spent more than a decade trying to turn the decayed waterfront into a South Street Seaport-style realm of work and play. In 1984 a New York City Council report detailed code violations, tenant harassments and suspicious fires at other Walentas buildings, prompting the administration of then-Mayor Ed Koch to cancel its support for the developer's \$160 million dream.

At the same time, Walentas began contributing to Cuomo's gubernatorial campaign. In November 1983 his company gave \$10,000; in November 1984, another \$10,000. In December 1984—voilà—Walentas got a state contract. Announcing the move, Cuomo pledged that "the Fulton Landing district will contain more than 2 million square feet of commercial and manufacturing space and, when completed, provide 7,000 jobs.... In addition, a passenger ferry will connect downtown Brooklyn and Fulton Landing to lower Manhattan."

Today, ten years later, there is no shopping and entertainment center—nor any apparent plans to build one—and no ferry. If there are 7,000 jobs there, it's very hard to tell on a weekday afternoon, when the streets are nearly empty. Yet if Brooklyn didn't benefit, Walentas did. The state's ten-year lease, which runs through September 1995, is worth nearly \$53 million—more than four times the building's 1981 purchase price. The rate amounts to \$20 per square foot. A Brooklyn realtor estimated that the going rate in that neighborhood in January 1985 was \$8 per square foot; the rate today is \$5 to \$15 per square foot. The state is paying "an absolutely ridiculous price for office space in that neighborhood," the realtor says, adding, "I tip my hat to David Walentas for being able to negotiate such a deal."

If One Main is bad, however, it pales compared with the Gertz building in Jamaica, Queens. Once the home of the Gertz department store, it sat empty for years until it was "rescued" by the state in 1983, when the Office of General Services (OGS) signed a lease with the Gertz

brothers and their partner, ex-City Councilman Michael Lazar. The building now houses the Departments of Housing and Mental Health, among other offices. Like Walentas, the Gertz group was not ungenerous to Cuomo. Although Lazar backed Koch for governor in 1982, he soon became a Cuomo supporter, giving \$6,500 to the Cuomo campaign from 1983 to 1985. Over seven years the partners and their employees gave a total of \$27,000.

Here, too, a lease was awarded without regard to cost. A 1985 state comptroller's report says "no... cost analysis was done to determine which site would be most economically advantageous." In fact, the Gertz site was recommended by the nonprofit Greater Jamaica Development Corporation, whose attorney, Vincent Albanese, is a member of Cuomo's Queens Democratic Club and was the treasurer of his unsuccessful 1977 mayoral campaign.

As a result of this chummy process, the Gertz lease contains extraordinary terms. The state's ten-year commitment, which expires in October 1995, will cost \$33 million—more than thirteen times the \$2.4 million value that Lazar gave the building when applying for a city tax abatement in 1983. More remarkably, the first five years of the lease called for the state to pay \$11 million for renovations of such standard equipment as elevators and sprinklers. Nor was the work done simply at cost: nearly \$800,000 was for overhead expenses, \$880,000 for "profit" and \$857,000 for "general conditions" expenses. The high price of the rehab stings when you consider that one of its beneficiaries, Lazar, is a criminal: he was convicted in 1986 for fraud and bribery and spent three years in jail.

The Parole Department, meanwhile, rents space in the dingy Stuart Building in Jamaica. While most state-leased offices in Queens cost between \$7 and \$15 per square foot, and office space in the Stuart building normally goes for between \$16 and \$20 per square foot, the state is paying \$26.25 per square foot for some 18,000 square feet, plus electricity and janitorial services. Over the life of the lease, which expires in September 1997, the state will shell out more than \$4.7 million. John Signorelli, head of OGS's property planning and utility group, says that figure includes \$635,000 worth of necessary renovations. Still, he admits: "Is it the best rental rate in the world? I'm not gonna kid you, it's not."

Then there are the Departments of Lottery, Social Services and Tax and Finance. In 1988 the state began laying out nearly \$4.7 million per year to house them in offices on Maiden Lane in lower Manhattan. The state's rate, \$27 per square foot, is above average but not extraordinary for the financial district. What *is* extraordinary is the landlord: 80 Maiden Lane Associates, controlled by Bruce Ratner, one of the city's largest landlord families. Ratner's father and business partner, Arthur Ratner, gave Cuomo's campaign \$2,000 in November 1985, and the family's Forest City Ratner Companies gave another \$5,000 in June 1990. Nothing wrong with that, perhaps—

but it's hard to see how the city's economy is stimulated by the state's paying the Ratners more than \$45 million over ten years for office space two blocks away from the agencies' old digs at the WTC.

In other cases, the state seemingly made bad rental decisions based not on patronage, but as a result of plain old ineptitude. The Parole Department also rents 8,000 square feet at a Hollis, Queens, building, although its lease expired on January 31, 1992. The building's now-deceased owner, Fred Stark, was a long-time player in Republican politics and not a Cuomo contributor, but he was notorious for not responding to city summonses for fire code violations. A 1990 *New York Newsday* investigation found that Stark's estate was the city's worst code violator: he owed \$51,490 stemming from default judgments. Not surprisingly, the Parole Department space was cited for code violations as recently as August 1993.

And what of regional development, the vaunted goal of the massive move-out? Cuomo (along with Kean) created the Fund ostensibly to finance infrastructure projects. Monies were generated like so: the state transferred its WTC leasehold rights to the Fund, which in turn subleased the WTC space to private tenants. The Port Authority received the same amount it would have had the state stayed; the Fund received the difference between the private rate and the state's rate. In other words, if AT&T pays \$35 per square foot, \$10 (the old rate) of that goes to the Port Authority, and \$25 to the Fund.

After move-out costs, the money—hundreds of millions of dollars—was supposed to finance projects “upon the concurrence of the governors of the states of New York and New Jersey,” according to a 1993 Port Authority document. Yet of the \$28 million that has been paid thus far to New York, none of it has been spent on any of Cuomo's lauded infrastructure. Nor will any ever be. Instead, it has been delivered to New York's state treasurer to be spent on ... whatever. Claudia Hutton, spokeswoman of the state budget office, told me in

1993 that after the Fund paid \$99 million in move-out costs, “other receipts from the Fund were deposited in the state's general fund, where they were available for all state programs. Some cynics would call that ‘filling the budget gap.’ But please remember that the general fund pays for some of our most vital government services.”

Maybe, but the arrangement negates Cuomo's pledge that this substantial sum—over the course of twenty years, more than \$600 million—would be earmarked for economic development. Furthermore, if the money ends up in the same pool as the rest of the state's tax dollars, then Cuomo wasted millions over the last several years by creating and administering a special “fund.”

In some people's eyes, the high moving costs, additional rental expenses and miscalculations and misleading statements about the relocation program would all be worth it if the stated goal—economic development—had been accomplished. But no one who walks through Harlem around 125th Street, where the state moved several offices during the mid-'80s, would argue that economic development there has been sufficient or even noticeable. Two census tracts that border the state office building there have median household incomes of \$10,729 and \$11,837; the former

has nearly 18 percent unemployment and almost two-thirds of its children living below the poverty line.

Yes, underdevelopment is a complex phenomenon; state government is not solely to blame. But the WTC move-out stands as a dismal symbol of Cuomo's failure over the last twelve years to deliver on his rhetoric. If, as liberals so fervently believe, government has a vital role to play in improving the economy, is subsidizing landlords really the best way? And if Cuomo is the “Governing Governor,” then why has he, in this case, used the bureaucracy so ineptly?

JAMES LEDBETTER covers media and politics for *The Village Voice*.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

CREATING A GREATER SERBIA

By Albert Wohlstetter

We had to jump over the moral bridge in the interests of wider peace and of keeping Bosnia together.

—Charles Redman, U.S. special envoy to Bosnia

Political language—and with variations this is true of all political parties, from Conservatives to Anarchists—is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind.

—George Orwell

I.

The ethnic division that the Contact Group, consisting of France, Britain, Germany, Russia and now the United States, wants to impose on the indivisibly mixed population of Bosnia would link unbroken territory seized by the Serbs in Croatia and Bosnia to Serbia itself. With the Contact Group's blessing, Serbia then could continue its clearly forbidden but so far wholly unimpeded supply of soldiers, weapons and other material for its proxies to pursue their ethnic cleansing in Croatia as well as Bosnia. On the other hand, the Contact Group would disperse widely, in five ghettos, the population that wants to live together in the new federation that the Clinton administration helped create: Croats, Muslim Slavs, Serbs, Jews, people of mixed parentage and others who prefer no ethnic identification. Bosnia would have to hand its two largest cities, Sarajevo and Mostar, to the United Nations; the dispersed parts of Bosnia would have no defensible access to each other or to the trade with the outside world that it needs to survive.

Serbia's flood of supply to its proxies would continue uninterrupted in the north, through Brcko, the crucial bottleneck in the Posavina corridor, where it has exceeded 1,000 vehicles per day, and across the Drina River in the southeast, where it furnished key reinforcements for the recent destruction of Gorazde. That daily supply violates many *valid* U.N. resolutions (U.N. 752, 757, 819, 820...) that demand that Serbia stop its shipment of arms and other matériel into Bosnia and that all nations do what they can to prevent it. If the Bosnian government were mistakenly to sign the Contact

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Group's peace plan, in the vain hope that the Serbs won't sign, it would formally agree to allow Serbia to flout these critical U.N. demands. At the same time, U.N. 713, the embargo imposed in September 1991, which was invalid even before Bosnia became independent because Yugoslavia had ceased to exist before then, would persist in limiting the arms received by the new federation of Croats and Bosnians for the mutual defense that is its purpose.

That is the gist of this latest and most shameless attempt by the West to carve up Bosnia. The much-trumpeted percentages (49 and 51) of the total area assigned respectively to the Serbs and to the federation mean essentially nothing. What counts is whether the total area assigned has defensible, stable connections internally and with the outside world. In the past, the U.N. secretary-general and the European mediators themselves have admitted that any ethnic division of Bosnia will quickly break down: the Bosnian Serbs are likely to formally join a heavily armed Greater Serbia; the Bosnian Croats, with no better alternative, will join a Greater, but greatly vulnerable, Croatia; the Muslim Slavs have no place to join. Bosnians who want to live together face the alternative of continued slaughter or fighting on.

II.

It was the long and particular history of Bosnia under Ottoman rule that assured a thorough mixing and geographical spread of people of different faiths. In the Ottoman system of *millets*, people identified themselves by faith rather than by place of residence. Ottoman rulers did not insist on uniformity of belief. Islam did, of course, have primacy, but each *millet* was an archipelago whose self-rule was the norm so long as it did not threaten Ottoman power. Members of various faiths lived side by side and, over the centuries, sometimes intermarried. This did not eliminate all ethnic conflict. Nonetheless, the *millet* system's tolerance of diversity formed a large contrast with the tendency to impose religious uniformity in Christian Europe with the accession of Theodosius as Roman emperor. Theodosius judged all other than Catholic Christians heretics and extravagant madmen. This European tradition of imposed uniformity of belief continued in the secular

myths of linguistically pure or ethnically pure nations during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and also in the Jacobin anti-clerical egalitarian terror of the French Revolution, which Burke foresaw could end in a military imperialism. Pan-Serbian nationalists who used the phrase "ethnic cleansing" in the early nineteenth century can, like the pan-Hellenists, trace their roots to the revolutionary terror in France.

The Church in the Roman Empire, as Paul Johnson has said, transformed itself from a suffering and victimized body begging for toleration into a coercive one, demanding monopoly. Christians made a transition from martyrs to inquisitors. It was the driving out of Muslims and Jews from Spain by the Inquisition that brought many of the heretics to Sarajevo.

A detailed look at the resulting mixed ethnic composition of Bosnia can show why none of the many diplomatic proposals to divide Bosnia along ethnic lines into two, three, ten or however many cantons is workable. It also can help define reasonable and feasible political objectives for any military strategy. The upshot of such a detailed look is that *there is no viable, adequately defended, contiguous Bosnia or Bosnian-Croat federation with access to essential commerce through the Adriatic and the Sava River that leaves a viable Serb-held Bosnia or a Serb-held Croatia*. A viable Bosnia or Bosnian-Croat federation would cut lifelines to Serbia. Similarly, there is no contiguous Serbian Bosnia connected to Serbia that leaves a viable Bosnia or Bosnian-Croat federation.

The biologists Stjepko Golubic and Susan Campbell have made a fine-grained demographic analysis of various proposed ethnic divisions of the indivisibly mixed Bosnian population. They show its indivisibility quantitatively. Looking in detail at the ethnic composition of the 100 election districts of the 1991 census, Golubic and Campbell show that the various proposed divisions in which each of the three principal ethnic/cultural groups had either a majority or the largest minority—and, in that sense, might be called dominant—were neither homogeneous nor contiguous. Each of these areas in which one had a majority or a plurality included a substantial percentage (22 to 43 percent) of minorities of ethnic identities other than the dominant group. And each included only a fraction of its total ethnic population, leaving between 35 percent and 68 percent of that ethnic group outside of the area of its dominance.

Most importantly, ethnic dominance does not correlate with ethnic purity. Most Bosnian Croats, for exam-

ple, live in the north and the center, where they are a minority but where they have lived for centuries side by side with Serbs and Muslims. Lord David Owen and Cyrus Vance had ignored Stjepan Kljuic, the Bosnian Croat who was for an undivided Bosnia protecting the rights of minorities. Kljuic had been elected to the rotating presidency of Bosnia by a majority of the Croats in Bosnia. Instead, Owen and Vance drew out an unelected official, Mate Boban, who was for separating Herzegovina from Bosnia and attaching it to a Greater Croatia. In effect, Owen and Vance were trying to end the Serbian war against Croatia by offering Serbia and Croatia pieces of Bosnia. Croatian president Franjo Tudjman had the illusion then that Serbia's Slobodan Milosevic would stop his ethnic cleansing in the 30 percent of Croatia he had seized and give it all back. Or that the U.N. and

E.C. mediators would make him do it. In fact, the U.N. and E.C. then, like the Contact Group now, were furthering a Greater Serbia.

Since, as Golubic and Campbell show, statistical ethnic dominance does not correlate with ethnic purity, Milosevic's program for a Greater Serbia called for changing the demographics—that is, for ethnic purification. Just as the Krajina region of Croatia, for example, is now 91 percent Serb, though it was only half Serb before it was seized by Serbian military and paramilitary forces in 1991, so, too, in Bosnia, connecting a Greater Serbia called for cleansing non-Serbs from areas of Bosnia such as Prijedor, Srebrenica, Foca, Gorazde and Brcko, where Serbs had been a minority, as well as from Banja

Luka, where they had been a majority. In Zvornik, Muslims once constituted 65 percent of the population; now, according to *The Los Angeles Times*, they are just a handful. In Prijedor, by September 1992, according to Helsinki Watch, Serb radio announced that the Serbs were now the majority and were ready for a referendum. The process of cleansing has been accomplished by shelling, mass executions, mass deportations and torture and rape used deliberately to inspire fear and flight. Helsinki Watch, the U.N. high commissioner for refugees, Médecins sans Frontières, among other public and private agencies, and many excellent on-the-spot journalists, have all documented the process thoroughly.

The Serbs have tried to confuse the issue with the sham that they are responding to Muslim persecution of Serbs. Such shams have been the invariable overture and obligato to Serbian ethnic cleansing. And Clinton administration officials have bought into this sham

The Current Picture



whenever they have wanted to explain away their failure to address Serbian aggression. In an attempt to account for the administration's abandonment of its "lift and strike" policy after his failed trip to Europe in May 1993, Secretary of State Warren Christopher said that the United States had documents showing that all three sides in Bosnia were guilty of atrocities. The acting assistant secretary for human rights later reminded Christopher, in a memo since leaked, that, of the documented atrocities, only a handful (6 percent) were committed by Muslims; and, in contrast with the Serbian and Croatian atrocities, no evidence linked these isolated incidents to the central Bosnian army command or to the Bosnian government.

III.

In joining the French, British and Russian governments in the Contact Group, the Clinton administration reversed itself. U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Madeleine Albright had insisted that the United States would not force a partition on Bosnia with a gun at its head. And President Clinton said he differed with the British and French, who would rather protect their troops in the U.N. Protection Force (UNPROFOR) than save Bosnia. Now the Contact Group would enforce its proposed division by using a greatly expanded UNPROFOR—massive ground forces under U.N. control. UNPROFOR, in turn, would be protected by NATO air power, also operated under a U.N. veto, to respond to individual harassments of UNPROFOR inside the divided Bosnia. But the U.N. scarcely admits the repeated Serbian attacks on and imprisonments of UNPROFOR soldiers. (The Serbs, for example, fired on a U.N. helicopter north of Sarajevo on July 5; shot a British UNPROFOR soldier dead in Gorazde on June 26; held nearly 200 U.N. personnel hostage in April; and so on.) It has vetoed all but a few ineffective, actual uses of military force in defense of UNPROFOR, and it has allowed no air-to-ground attacks in Bosnia to defend Bosnian civilians. The U.N. has never considered directing NATO air power—as the U.S.-led coalition used air strikes against Iraq in the Gulf war—at the strategic source of the aggression, in Serbia.

By now, any reader of the daily news can recognize the absurdities of the command and control arrangements that give U.N. Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali or Yasushi Akashi, his chief civilian representative in the Balkans, the decision on whether, where and when NATO may make *any* strike in close air support of UNPROFOR. Adm. Jeremy Boorda, the new American chief of naval operations, has described that very accurately in his confirmation hearings on the basis of his extensive recent experience as NATO's commander in chief for the southern region. (NATO South includes the Balkans.) He said, "The relationship is the reverse of what it should be."

The absurdities of the chain of command, however, follow from an even more basic absurd assumption: that one can stop an aggression without taking sides, and that one can stop an ongoing genocidal war and enforce

a peace by sending in a force sized and equipped only to keep a peace agreed to by all sides. The absurdities that follow from this more basic assumption affect far more than the chain of command.

They follow, in brief, from acknowledging in U.N. resolution after resolution that the Serbs have seized territory by violence from a recognized independent state, but then behaving in practice as if the Serbs were not responsible for an aggression. And then treating the slaughters resulting from the long sequence of Serbian assaults on town after town as if they were natural disasters—perhaps a surprising sequence of hurricanes, earthquakes and floods—that needed mitigation but were not brought about by Serbia to achieve a strategic purpose.

But Milosevic made clear long ago the strategic purpose of his disastrous ethnic cleansing: a contiguous Greater Serbia connecting and cleansing all places in ex-Yugoslavia with significant numbers of Serbs. He made the purpose of his abuses explicit far in advance of his 1991 invasions of Slovenia and Croatia (not to mention his 1992 invasion of Bosnia). He did this in many documents and speeches, and especially by his blatant violation of human rights in Kosova before as well as since the June 1991 invasions.

Because the European Community and the U.N. treated each of the successive human disasters as if they were unrelated to each other and unrelated to Milosevic's plan to create a Greater Serbia, they negotiated for cease-fires at each specific town whose civilians were being slaughtered, and tried to encourage public and private agencies to bring humanitarian aid to each point where Croats or Bosnians were bleeding.

In sum, since the E.C. and the U.N. recognized in practice no enemy in this war of aggression, they had no strategic plan. They have acted step by step in ways that helped Milosevic achieve *his* strategic plan for a contiguous Greater Serbia, which would include Croatia as well as Bosnia. The partition plan proposed by the Contact Group is the longest stride toward, and the most explicit and formal ratification of, the genocidal process of creating a Greater Serbia.

A series of maps can illustrate the point.

The first map (page 23) shows the parts of Bosnia as of May 14 that were controlled by Serbia's proxies, and those areas controlled by the recent federation created for mutual defense joining Bosnian Croats with the Muslims, Serbs and others who have been associated with them in the Bosnian government. The second map (page 25) shows the crucial bottleneck at Brcko in the line of supply from Serbia to its proxies in Bosnia and in Croatia. The third map (page 25) is not only more detailed, but also gives the dispositions of Bosnian forces (BiH), Serbian forces (VRS) and Croatian forces (HVO) around Brcko as of May 6. The fourth map (page 27) shows the Contact Group's proposed partition.

The Serbian-held area, which covers more than 70 percent of Bosnia, surrounds essentially all the areas in Bosnia under the federation's control, with the

exception of the small patch of Bosnia around Bihac. Even that small patch is controlled by Fikret Abdic, a Bosnian Muslim who, helped by the mediators and UNPROFOR, has made a deal directly with the Serbs and in opposition to the Bosnian government. (Lord Owen invited Abdic to Geneva to negotiate an ethnic division of Bosnia when Alija Izetbegovic, the elected president of Bosnia, refused. Abdic, a political opportunist, entrepreneur and populist of near-Peronist dimensions, was the one of the seven members of the Bosnian presidency in 1992 ready to make such a deal. In 1987, as a member of the Central Committee of the Communist League of Bosnia, he had used his political position with a local Bihac bank in a spectacular \$500 million swindle, using promissory notes without collateral, to finance a highly regarded enterprise that was the largest employer in Bihac—but since Yugoslavia notes were indexed and deposits were not, he did this at the expense of depositors—mainly in Slovenian, Croatian and Serbian banks. In 1992 he gained popularity in besieged Bihac with the aid of French UNPROFOR troops who delivered three times more relief goods for him to distribute than the U.N. high commissioner for refugees.) If one takes into account not only Serb-held areas in Bosnia but Serb-held areas in the Krajina region of Croatia, which Bihac borders, then Bihac, too, is an island in a sea of Serbs.

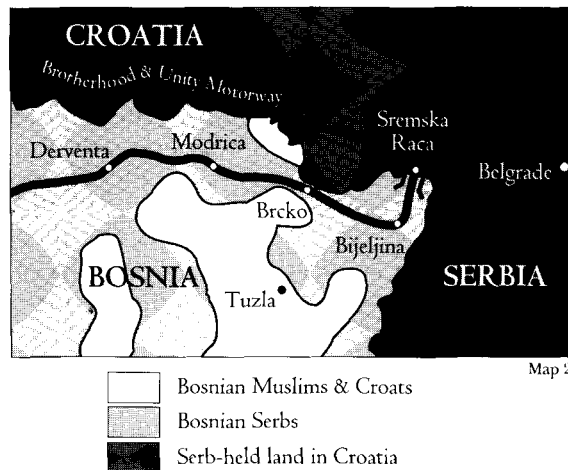
The Bosnian army, freed by the new federation with the Croats to regain territory from Serbian control, was making some progress in reasserting control of Bihac in June. *The New York Times* reported that Serbian troops in Krajina intervened by removing several tanks and heavy artillery pieces that had been turned over to U.N.-monitored storage under the peace plan that ended fighting in Croatia in 1991. According to a statement by U.N. officials on June 30, the Krajina Serbs then handed the recaptured armor to Abdic's forces. U.N.-controlled storage of weapons placed under their care apparently does not involve physical interference with their use by Serbian combatants. No one should

count on U.N. monitoring of the current peace plan to assure that the Serbs will observe the peace.

There are several other smaller islands under Serbian siege around Srebrenica, Zepa, Gorazde and Sarajevo in the southeast of the country. In each of the four islands in the Drina Valley in the southeast of Bosnia, the U.N. and E.C. achieved repeated cease-fires but never stopped the slaughter. In the cease-fire after the Sarajevo marketplace massacre in February of this year, the U.N. permitted the Serbs to move tanks from Sarajevo for the renewal of assaults at Gorazde. In Gorazde the Serbs shelled the hospital, destroying the sterilization equipment and killing and maiming patients and surgeons, and blew up the water system. And during the U.N. cease-fire in Gorazde the U.N. let the Serbs move tanks to the battle for the bottleneck of Brcko. And, equally important, during the cease-fires in each town, the U.N. did nothing to prevent the Serbs from occupying the territory surrounding each town. The result left the federation with an archipelago of partially cleansed ghettos (see Map 1). The U.N. simply ignored the Serbian sieges that make these places helpless.

The policy of keeping the victims greatly outgunned and almost unarmed—with, for example, fewer than one rifle for every three men ready to fight—made it impossible for the victims to stop the Serbs or adequately exploit the great vulnerability of the Bosnian Serb army, which was outnumbered, undisciplined and poorly motivated, and its fragile links to Serbia. Even now the Bosnian Serb hold on the territory it has grabbed is very precarious. It depends not only on (a) its initial seizure of the heavy equipment of the Yugoslav Federal Army and (b) the transfer to the Serbs by the peacekeepers of additional equipment from Croatia and Slovenia and arms factories from Bosnia, but also on (c) the continuing supply of arms and ammunition, on a daily basis, from Serbia—a clear violation of an initial embargo that has been enforced only against the victims of the aggression but not at all against the aggressor who requested the embargo. And it is in even plainer viola-

Serbian Supply Routes



The Corridor from Serbia



tion of demands that are repeated in a long sequence of valid U.N. resolutions that Serbia withdraw the men and heavy military equipment it brought into Bosnia and Croatia; that it stop the continuing transport of arms and other material into Bosnia; and that all nations, but especially Serbia's neighbors (Bosnia and Croatia are neighbors), do what they can to stop Serbian violations. So far these essential violations have been ignored, even in congressional debate.

IV.

Beginning in late May, the new federation with the Croats has enabled the Bosnians to make a series of gains against the Bosnian Serbs that clearly show the potential of this renewed alliance. In fact, the potential was so clear to Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic that—with unmatched gall—he has recently made a public appeal for the international community to stop the Bosnians.

The map of the partition proposed by the Contact Group would answer Karadzic's appeal. The continuing supply by Serbia is extremely vulnerable at narrow bottlenecks, in particular at Brcko in the Posavina corridor (see Maps 2 and 3). The strategic importance of the town of Brcko and of the corridor from Serbia can hardly be exaggerated. They hold the key to reversing the Serbian occupation of the Krajina in Croatia, to eliminating the Serbian stronghold centered on Banja Luka in western Bosnia and to isolating a large part of the Bosnian Serb army.

A Bosnian Serb army spokesman, Lt. Col. Milovan Milutinovic, agrees, and recently went farther. He told reporters near the end of June, according to a Reuters dispatch, that "we Serbs are aware that if we lose the corridor, we're cut off, finished. If the Muslims get that far, 1.7 million Serbs will be trapped with no escape." That number includes mainly civilians who have not taken part in the war except as victims. The Bosnian government is not fighting them. In fact, it welcomes them back and guarantees them protection along with other minorities. However, if the essential lifeline from Serbia along the corridor were cut, that would isolate the bulk of the roughly 135,000-man Serbian army in Croatia and Bosnia. The discipline, motivation and morale of this Serbian army has been rated as among the worst he ever commanded by its former deputy commander, Gen. Slavko Lisica, who gave as one of several instances of their chaotic and mutinous character the willingness of one military unit, including its commander, to take off their army-issued uniforms and even their shorts when ordered to do that if they refused to fight.

There is a mass of public evidence of the unreliability of the Bosnian Serb army, many members of which were drafted in part because they were political dissidents to begin with. The army has been starved of reinforcements, except by units of the Serbian army itself, and it has relied extensively on using heavy weapons fired at unarmed civilians from a safe distance. Such a Serb

army cut off from the prospect of reinforcement and resupply is unlikely to fight to the last bullet with the stocks it has on hand. Leaders of the Bosnian government, which has already included Serbs as deputy army commander and in other important roles, have said that they are ready to welcome back Bosnian Serb soldiers who have not been involved in war crimes.

Military intelligence tends to focus on easily quantified "order of battle" considerations: the numbers, on each side, of tanks, armored personnel carriers, batteries of howitzers or mortars; days of supply of ammunition; and so on. It tends to neglect political and strategic issues associated with the motivation of the forces on each side. In the Gulf war, for example, it should have been plain to anyone closely familiar with the history of Saddam Hussein's and the Baath dictatorship's military adventures that American intelligence was vastly exaggerating the strength of the Iraqi forces the coalition would face. U.S. intelligence estimated some 540,000 Iraqi troops in the Kuwaiti theater of operations. Many defections occurred during the run-up to the air war, and by the time the four-day ground war began there were not much more than half that many Iraqi troops on the ground in Kuwait. Moreover, many were eager to surrender (some to Italian camera crews, or even to an unmanned air vehicle!). Many, encouraged by the coalition, were ready to turn and take arms against the hated Baath dictatorship.

In the battle for Bosnia, a key role could be played by political appeals and accurate political information transmitted by a coalition supporting the Bosnian army, especially over television channels, where most Yugoslavs get their news. The United States has airborne transmitters carried on transport planes, called Solo Volant, that could broadcast directly on T.V. channels throughout Serbia, Bosnia and Croatia as soon as a coalition destroyed radars and suppressed other elements of the Serbs' air defense capable of reaching the altitudes at which the transmitter would be flown. It would not be used as "PsyOps," or psychological warfare for spreading disinformation, as Milosevic does. It would replace Milosevic's T.V. broadcasts with accurate political and military information, and political appeals to the many Serbs who oppose Milosevic's program for a Greater Serbia. (In the Gulf, the Kurds, who captured some T.V. stations with very limited range, believed that broadcasting to Baghdad on T.V. channels would be much better than bombing the city.)

Milosevic has made a monopoly of television, which is a central part of his political and military strategy. The T.V. stations in Bosnia were among his first targets. He has maintained minute control of the nominally independent Serbian republics by means of this monopoly. In the January 1994 elections in the "Serbian Republic of Krajina," he managed to replace one nationalist supporter with another he preferred by sending a crew from his state-run television in Belgrade to set up broadcasts for his candidate, while seeing to it that the incumbent's transmitter mysteriously disappeared.

Today, in a charade designed to make it appear that the Serbs are very reluctant to accept the Contact Group's partition plan, Milosevic has cut his proxy Karadzic's appearances on Belgrade television. This might be a form of pressure on Karadzic, but in any case it is likely to be a preface to a graceful acceptance of the partition plan, which is designed to help Milosevic's program for a Greater Serbia.

A U.S.-led coalition like that in the Gulf war, including some NATO members and some other interested countries, would clearly identify Serbia as the source of the aggression. It would recognize that the political and military leaders of the self-proclaimed Serbian "republics" in Croatia and Bosnia know they have no prospect for survival except as part of a Greater Serbia. It would use air power primarily to remove that prospect. It would use it strategically against the source of the aggression in Serbia, precisely and discriminately against concentrations of military force there—against the nine large jet airfields and the fixed-wing and any rotary aircraft on them; against isolable war-supporting industry, including munition factories and concentrations of supplies such as ammunition dumps. The coalition would also use air power against such concentrations of power as the large airfield in Banja Luka in Bosnia, and to interdict the lines of supply from Serbia to Bosnia and Croatia. The main purpose would be to reduce the ability of Serbia's armed forces to project power and so to induce the army to end its support for Milosevic's Greater Serbia.

Such a transient but decisive use of air power would be supported by the many valid U.N. resolutions. But, as in the Persian Gulf, it would be under coalition control, not U.N. control. And it would be used for a strategic purpose. This use of air power would form a large contrast with the ineffective "close support" pinpricks delivered under U.N. control against fleeting targets that have harassed UNPROFOR.

Of course, those who have observed that air power alone will not suffice, and that ground forces are necessary, are right. What they fail to notice, however, is that the ground forces of the new federation far outnumber the Serbian forces that they face in Bosnia—even in advance of the defections that can be expected when the Serbian soldiers in Bosnia and Croatia are cut off

from Serbia. The case differs greatly from that of the Gulf war to recover Kuwait. Kuwait had a very small air force and essentially no ground army.

What the federation needs, besides the use of coalition air power to prevent or deter Serbia from reinforcing and supplying its proxies, are additions and modest complements to the anti-armor and anti-helicopter equipment of the sort the Bosnians and Croats are trained to use. They do not need to match the heavy equipment of the proxy army tank for tank, and artillery piece for artillery piece with weapons of U.S. design, as Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott suggested in answer to congressional questions during the recent debates. What they need primarily are light infantry weapons of Warsaw

Pact design for the nearly three-fourths of the Bosnian army that has had none, and anti-artillery and anti-tank weapons, including some mortars and howitzers of more extended range. (Several of the Visegrad countries formerly in the Warsaw Pact have plants actively producing these weapons but face shrinking markets. The Czech Republic has supplied some weapons to Croatia.)

Croats and Bosnians are trained in the use of such weapons and can also use and service those they capture. As a complement, they could also use some of the advanced artillery-locating Doppler radars to direct counterfire by mortars and howitzers at a few key strategic locations. Hughes makes the most advanced of these—the ANTPQ-36 and -37 radars; but the United States need not send soldiers to operate

them or train Bosnians in their use. Several of the many countries that we have sold them to, including Turkey and other NATO countries as well as Jordan and other non-NATO countries, could do that. The secretary-general rejected Turkey's offer, but accepted that of Jordan to operate some Hughes radars that we have already sent to Bosnia.

It is the partition proposed by the Contact Group, with the approval of the Clinton administration, that would require huge foreign ground forces other than those of Croatia. This would include the large number promised by the United States to bring about and enforce, rather than keep, a peace. They would be necessary along with a large air force in "close support," unfortunately under U.N. control. They would be necessary for the indefinite future. There is, and there will be, no peace to keep. •

The Proposed Partition



BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Summer Heat

Talent is announced in David O. Russell's **Spanking the Monkey** (Fine Line). The announcement is all the more ringing because this film, Russell's first feature, tackles two big problems head-on and does well with them.

The first is structural. *Spanking the Monkey* begins with forty-five minutes or so of relatively familiar material. A college student has to give up his good summer job because his mother has broken her leg. He must care for her, in his family's suburban home, while his father is off on an extended sales trip. The young man's frustrations, the domestic details, are, in essence, T.V. fare. But as the film moves to graver matters, we realize that it had to begin that way. Russell simply had to bite the bullet of seeming banality; and he succeeds in holding us. No trickery. He doesn't begin later in the story and then flash back to the necessary details with the promise of stronger stuff already in our minds. Russell *wants* us to feel the itch of familiarity: it's part of his tonal plan. And he survives this structural hazard because he casts all the roles so well and gives his actors dialogue as fresh as the familiar situations would permit.

The second problem is thematic. Russell's main subject is incest. Ray, the student, is around 20; his mother, Susan, is an attractive woman in her early 40s. In the course of things, Ray must massage her legs, must help her (with his back turned) to shower, must scrub her back and so on. He has the natural heat of his age. The picture's title is slang for male masturbation. (Russell gets some laughs out of the family dog's intrusions into the bathroom.) Ray's vexations, plus his

mother's various discontents, lead one night to consummation. The next morning they wake up in bed next to each other, he in his shorts, his mother naked.

Russell treats this episode without prurience, almost with a tone of inevitability. But it raises a question I'm not competent to answer. I don't know, can't imagine, how a mother and son behave after incest. A social worker once told me that she and her associates were inured to incest, that it occurs in every sort of family and that mother-son incest is the second most common. (Father-daughter is first, she said, brother-sister third.) I certainly don't maintain that we must have personal experience of a subject in order to comment: anyone can feel the horror of Oedipus's discovery. What I have to take on trust here is the lack of horror.

These two people show no embarrassment or regret. They don't even mention what happened. They behave as if it had never happened or if it did, as if

they were not mother and son. Possibly their behavior is a mode of denial, but we don't sense that they feel a need to deny anything.

What then happens in the film precludes any repetition of the act. During a telephone quarrel with the traveling father, Ray lets slip a remark acknowledging the act. The father flies home, but even then, the general air is as if Susan had slept with another man, not her son. Later events show that the matter rankles in Ray; Susan seems unruffled.

Russell, too. The incest, for him, is one more element in the picture's texture, a texture so skillfully contrived that, in a somewhat frightening way, it nearly "normalizes" the incest. Dailiness has been the film's motto. The slicing of fruit, the clunking of ice cubes into a glass, similar actions, are shown close up as the film winds along. I doubt that Russell wants to imply that incest is as common or unremarkable as the whittling of pineapples; but he wants to show life in that house flowing along, bearing in its stream trivialities and crises.

This approach quietly dramatizes the film's really fundamental theme. Incest is the most unsettling act, but we see that it is only the most trenchant element in a general fabric of sex. Ray gets involved with a neighboring high school girl, and their encounters lead to more puzzles and discoveries. Several sequences in the father's hotel rooms show that, like that other salesman, Willy Loman, he finds female solace on the road.

Sex itself, repressed or steamy or insidious, thus becomes the real venue of the film. The title promises it, the picture fulfills it. The prettiness of the house, the banality of the chores, are important as, in a sense, disguises. The well-kept houses and lawns are all the more well-kept, we come to feel, as defense or protest against what cannot be so well ordered in behavior.

When Louis Malle made a film about incest, *Murmur of the Heart*, the atmosphere was fairly stormy from the start. When Bernardo Bertolucci flirted with

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Boys of St. Vincent. Fiction based on fact. A pair of films on the abuse of boys in a Canadian Catholic orphanage. Good performances, but it's more about a friar's psychopathy than about the trials of celibacy. (Reviewed 7/4/94) **Four Weddings and a Funeral.** Richard Curtis, who wrote this sprightly British comedy-romance, also wrote the sprightly "The Tall Guy" (Emma Thompson and Jeff Goldblum are in it), which was ignored. Revival, please? (4/4/94) **Freedom on My Mind.** A well-fashioned documentary, ironic yet encouraging, about the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, 1964, its history and fate. (6/27/94) **White.** A wry, sexy morality tale. Adventures of a Polish hairdresser in Paris and Warsaw, out to recapture his divorced wife. Utterly, mordantly European. (6/13/94) —SK

the idea in *La Luna*, operatic extremities set the key. Russell shucks all this apparatus, apparently in the belief that it is antiquated and false to make environment adumbrate theme. What he gives us is middle-class tidiness, in the midst of which mysteries are tugging.

But—a looming antithesis—the ending lets the film down. I won't describe it: I'll merely note that it's as if Russell had concentrated so intensely on everything up to that point that the need for an ending came as a surprise. The finish is a fiddle. It lacks even a clearly intended ambiguity.

Praise, however, for Russell's colleagues. Michael Mayers, the cinematographer, renders the house as if he were doing layouts for *Good Housekeeping*. As for the cast, I've rarely seen better actors in a low-budget film. Jeremy Davies, who is Ray, has not a whit of Matthew Broderick or Michael J. Fox about him. He sulks and simmers like someone trying to find an interior road map and not having much luck. Alberta Watson, as Susan, radiates sexuality in a nonaggressive, almost humorous way. Benjamin Hendrickson has what might have been the really thankless part, the salesman father, a role written in different shades of desperation. Hendrickson plays it like someone trapped within his life. Carla

Gallo gives the high school girl gentle pride.

All of them, and others, have helped to make *Spanking the Monkey* the sort of film we always want, one that improves with afterthought. Except for that ending. More from Russell soon again, I hope, and next time completed.

Brochure Note. Vintage Books salutes a film. In a spiffy brochure they present **Tell Me the Truth about Love** (\$6), ten of W.H. Auden's love poems selected by Edward Mendelson, an Auden expert. The last of the ten is the occasion for the brochure—"Funeral Blues," the poem spoken at the funeral in *Four Weddings and a Funeral*. The poems are also available as a Random House Audiobook (\$5), read by John Hannah, the actor in the film who speaks that last poem.

Mendelson says that he has been getting three phone calls per day from people who wanted to know where they could buy the poem. Odd people. If they were sufficiently literate to want a copy of the poem, they might have thought to look in the collected Auden. (The poem has no title there.) But their interest was one of the promptings for this brochure. The closest precedent I can think of is *Elvira Madigan*, which in 1967 made a hit of Mozart's twenty-first piano concerto. •

Robert Brustein on Theater

The Roots of Love

The original source of *Passion*, the latest Stephen Sondheim-James Lapine musical, is a mid-nineteenth-century Italian novel by I. U. Tarchetti called *Fosca*, which also inspired an Italian film called *Passion d'Amore*. The similarity between the name of Tarchetti's heroine and Puccini's Tosca is no doubt accidental. The two women are of an entirely different order, having little in common but their nationality and that odd syllabic assonance. After witnessing this work at the Plymouth Theater, however, I couldn't get Puccini out of my head, partly because *Passion* left me with the same wrenching emotion I felt after seeing *La Bohème* at the New York Public Theatre some years back. I know it is not seemly for a drama critic to admit to experiencing excessive feeling, especially over a work that, despite its (grudgingly given) Tony awards, is drawing a lot of scorn in sophisticated theater circles. But

I am compelled to tell you that, like the similarly derided *Bohème* at the Public, *Passion* held me in its grip from the opening chords and had me sobbing uncontrollably at the end.

I believe *Passion* to be Sondheim's deepest, most powerful work, and I've been trying to figure out why it has not been more appreciated by the profession. Of course, it's possible that I'm wrong, that I'm suffering a lapse in taste, that I'm a sucker for plots in which women die; my friend, the Broadway producer Rocco Landesman, has advised me to have my head examined. I prefer to think there's another explanation for our differing opinions, namely that *Passion* has been misidentified as a musical and mislocated in a Broadway house.

The work is clearly an opera, and were it sitting where it belongs, on the stage of the Houston Grand Opera or the Chicago Lyric, I'm convinced it would have elicited the kind of respect it truly

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PANTHEON

deserves. Aside from being largely sung, *Passion* differs from a conventional musical in the way it strengthens inferior texts instead of cheapening good source material. Although Verdi made successful use of Shakespeare in *Falstaff* and *Otello*, that is an exception. More often, good operas are inspired by hacks like Sardou and Belasco, while musicals (excluding, say, the Lerner-Lowe *My Fair Lady*, which improved on Shaw's *Pygmalion*) usually debase and vulgarize their books.

Sondheim and Lapine have previously been concerned with sophisticating, urbanizing and intellectualizing their source material. Now they are engaged in a musical exploration of the irrational and mysterious roots of love. The results are refreshingly wholehearted and unpretentious. The time is 1863 and the action begins with a nude couple in bed, extolling their sexual pleasure in one another ("so much happiness, so much love"). Giorgio is a dashing officer in the Italian army, Clara is a redheaded actress with an alabaster body. Though they are ideally suited, there are two obstacles to the fulfillment of their passion—she is married and he is about to be transferred from Milan to a regiment in Parma. Following this transfer, their love becomes largely epistolary. They exchange letters in song, remembering their pleasurable nights together and anticipating their reunion.

Quickly, the musical mood shifts. The moment Giorgio joins the Parma regiment and takes his place at the regimental table, the male camaraderie at dinner is broken by an anguished female cry. The Colonel's cousin, Fosca, is "a medical phenomenon," suffering from a mysterious ailment that causes convulsions and leaves her nerves exposed. The doctor can do nothing, and on her first appearance, we see that Fosca suffers not only from physical pain but from considerable ugliness. Pale and pinched, brooding and forlorn, her forehead punctuated with heavy eyebrows, her nose decorated with a huge wart, her coarse black hair pulled into a homely bun, she is a portrait of gloom and melancholy, in charmless contrast with the sunny and wholesome Clara.

Fosca's only consolation is literature, particularly Rousseau novels, but literature for her is largely an escape from wretchedness: "I do not read to think, I read to dream." Staggering and swaying, bent into a question mark of pain, she essentializes the doomed, self-pitying invalid. But although too fragile to be a lover, she immediately conceives an uncontrollable passion for Giorgio. We expect to learn, at this point, that, like the Elephant Man's, Fosca's hideous exterior conceals a beautiful soul and a

great heart. But this is far from a conventional story; the woman soon proves as repellent inside as out. Giorgio, kindly to a fault, counsels Fosca to dwell not on pain but rather on beauty and life. She willfully misinterprets his offer of friendship as a protestation of love. Her own passion soon turns into an annoying obsession. She grabs his hand, hugs him against his will, falls to her knees, crying, "What can I do to get you to love me?" though Giorgio has hidden nothing from her, least of all his feeling for Clara, whom Fosca declares her rival.

Fosca falls ill and takes to her bed, prepared to die because "You rejected my love." When he visits her bedside, she exploits his guilt and sympathy, demanding that he compose a love-letter to her, which she dictates. Giorgio's pity for her deepens when her cousin tells of how deeply Fosca was wounded by a fortune hunter, a fake Austrian count, a bigamist who stole her dowry and gambled it away. But Giorgio's compassion only makes him more vulnerable to Fosca's persistent advances. Recovering from her illness, she continues to plague him wherever he goes, with her "endless and insatiable smothering." Although the other officers suspect that he is toying with Fosca in order to advance himself, Giorgio is physically deteriorating from her obsession, feverishly dreaming that she is dragging him down to the grave.

Departing from Milan on sick leave, Giorgio still finds himself hounded by Fosca. She joins him on the train, burrowing like an earwig into his skull, like a mole into his heart. Exasperated beyond endurance, he cancels his leave and berates her for her selfish behavior, to which she replies, "I feel too much—I often don't know what to do with my feelings." Her passion is selfish, but it is also selfless. She would sacrifice herself for love: "Would Clara give her life for you?" Giorgio soon learns that Clara's healthier love is not capable of sacrifice. She will not leave her marriage, lest she lose her child. The two break up after Clara sends him a letter suggesting that he wait until her son is grown: "Just another love story—no one is to blame."

But the colonel has discovered the dictated love-letter and, believing that Giorgio has taken advantage of his cousin's affections, challenges him. The evening before the duel, Giorgio tells Fosca that his affair with Clara is over. And in a stunning reversal, wracked with sobs at the thought that she would die for him, he confesses that her stubborn and fretful passion has replaced Clara's wholesome affection in his heart: "No one has ever loved me as deeply as you. . . . Love within reason, that isn't love—and I've learned this from you." They kiss awkwardly and, even more awkwardly, make love. The

colonel is wounded in the duel, Giorgio is hospitalized with a nervous disorder, Fosca dies from her disease. And that is the end of this bizarre story about the inexplicable and unpredictable sources of romantic passion.

Sondheim's music and lyrics are as ferocious and tremulous as Fosca's love, whether driving the ecstatic exchanges of Giorgio and Clara or the gloomy declarations of the heroine. And aside from fashioning a powerful book, James Lapine has staged a truly elegant production, with a precision worthy of the military environment. The physical setting is gorgeous. Jane Greenwood's costumes—particularly attractive on Clara, whose gowns change color with each exchange of letters—are not only exquisite in themselves, but help to characterize the players, whether the officers in their crisp uniforms or the severe black clothes of Fosca. And Adrienne Lobel's brown and mauve setting—essentially made up of sliding panels, a scrim and, on one occasion, a huge swath of red velvet curtain—conjures up the perspectives of Canaletto and the harbors of Caravaggio, as well as an ominous moor reminiscent of a Brontë landscape.

The performances are superb, not only the three leads but even minor roles such as Tom Aldredge's sympathetic though baffled regimental doctor. Jere Shea brings a tender manliness and baritone appeal to the role of Giorgio that makes him a fitting object for the love of two entirely different women. The moment, right before he declares himself to Fosca, when his jaw starts to shake and his body trembles, is an expression of such deep grief it transfigures the spectator. (I was reminded of Rudolpho's breakdown over Mimi's body at the Public.) Marin Mazzie's Clara is a woman of great attractiveness and worldliness, capable of warm feeling but not at the cost of survival. And Donna Murphy, both ferocious and lyrical as Fosca, gives a truly superb performance. Her capacity to attract pity for this woman, and to make her command Giorgio's love, without ever once underplaying the sour and repulsive aspects of the character, is a sign of very special histrionic control.

At the performance I attended the audience responded with subdued and tepid applause in contrast to the customary hysteria and pandemonium one hears at Broadway musicals, including those of Sondheim. But *Passion* is a triumph of rare and complex sensibility, fully imagined, fully realized. As a fairly consistent critic of Stephen Sondheim's recent work, I am grateful for the opportunity to reverse myself. He and his collaborators are to be congratulated for bringing dignity, profundity and passion to the impoverished commercial stage. •

What George Balanchine knew about feeling and form, and what his heirs don't.

The Company He Kept

BY MINDY ALOFF

I.

One spring day in the 1960s a teenaged girl traveled from her hometown to Manhattan to try out for the School of American Ballet, George Balanchine's school. She had picked it as a goal because she knew it was the best of its kind, since Balanchine was the best of his kind. She had studied his company, the New York City Ballet, in performance: the speed; the lightness; the fantastical combinations of steps; the mysteriously cool faces blossoming from the long, hot bodies; the effect the dancers gave that looking was hearing and hearing was feeling and all of it so intensely alive. The girl wished to be alive in just that way.

The audition took the form of a one-hour class. She was, she thought, prepared for anything: turns, beats, leaps, enduring balances. Yet none of the virtuoso steps that she had mastered was required: no fouettés, no exacting petite batterie. At the end of the audition, the teacher stood at a distance and, staring in her direction, conferred with a colleague. When they were through, the girl learned that she had failed the audition, sorry. The problem was not her dancing; were that the only criterion, she would have been admitted on the intermediate level, with expectation of advancement. The problem was her body. It was all wrong for this particular school. She was wide where she ought to be narrow, fleshy where she ought to be bone. She could dance, but she was unwatchable.

That girl was me, and that afternoon constituted one of the most important lessons I ever learned about ballet as a theater art. Over the years the moral of the lesson has taken different forms. Looking back now, after decades of looking to the stage, I would sum it up this way. There is no such thing as universally acknowledged merit, merit in the abstract, brought about sheerly through depth of commitment, force of will and consistency of application. You, alone, cannot necessarily make the world want you, even if you fouetté until the cows come home. The world must be pre-

pared, by forces and events outside your control, to find merit in your effort. You must look a certain way in a certain time and a certain place; you must be seen from a certain angle; you must offer what is appropriate to a certain context.

Baryshnikov, in the Soviet Union, was considered a demi-caractère dancer by the authorities at the Kirov Ballet, too short to dance princely roles. In the United States, he is considered the prince of princes. Nijinsky, the effortless jumper of legend, wanted to be recognized as a choreographer—a choreographer of dances in which the effort and the pain of jumping were dramatically exposed, or in which no one jumped at all. His audiences couldn't get it. He lives on as a dancemaker of significance because a few individuals, among them Serge Diaghilev and Lincoln Kirstein, believed that his work was not perverse or insane but an interesting gift—in its own way, perhaps, as imaginative as his dancing.

The story of George Balanchine's career is also marked by disappointments and mismatches on this grand, cruel order. Balanchine was well acquainted with rejection. He was no stranger to dictatorial impresarios, including Diaghilev; insensitive costume designers; intractable dancers; jealous rivals who edged him out for work when he had no money; critics who paid close attention to his work and hated it (or who applauded his efforts in print and slept through performances); ballerinas who turned down his pleas to join him, choosing instead more lucrative situations or roles that they figured would make their names; filmmakers who vowed they were going to preserve his work for posterity and, in the laborious and exhausting production process, butchered the very qualities of coherence and continuity that he sought to realize.

Composers, one might think, could be counted on for support. Think again. In her memoirs, Alexandra Danilova recalls that Balanchine went backstage to tell Rachmaninoff how much he admired the older man's work, so much that he wanted to set dancing to it. Rachmaninoff threw him out of the dressing room.

A ballet! To his concerto! Danilova adds that, for the rest of Balanchine's life, whenever he heard Rachmaninoff's name, he would mumble "lousy music." Harsh experience brought Balanchine to that equation between bad faith and bad taste. From his earliest years as a choreographer—he made his first ballet at the age of 16—he had been attacked by higher-ups in his field. Elizabeth Souritz, the Muscovite dance historian, has chronicled some of the sneers in her book, *Soviet Choreographers in the 1920s*, and they included charges of eroticism (his detractors weren't all dumb), "theatrical vulgarity," amateurism and "rebellious restlessness."

Balanchine also knew the rejection that politics and nature can mete out. By the time Kirstein attracted him to the United States in 1933, Georgi Melitonovich Balanchivadze had frozen and starved during the civil war that followed the Russian Revolution, and had abandoned his native land and his parents and siblings. (After he left Russia, in 1924, when he was 20, he never again saw his mother.) With the death, in 1929, of Diaghilev—the man who rechristened him and opened up the Ballets Russes to his teaching and his choreography—Balanchine lost a second home at a stroke. (The company was promptly disbanded.) He pursued freelance assignments in Europe, but found no security. His attempt to run his own company, Les Ballets 1933, proved short-lived. When Balanchine docked in New York on the *Olympic*, he had already lost a lung to tuberculosis. Two wives had left him. Tamara Toumanova—the young ballerina whom Balanchine had discovered and fostered, and whom he intended to bring with him to America as an eloquent example of his ideas and his hopes—had, at the last minute, been forced to remain in Europe, owing to a mean contractual trick by Colonel de Basil, the unscrupulous director of the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo. Balanchine was also leaving behind his dreams of working steadily for the Paris Opéra, an institution that enchanted him for much of his life and never saw fit to retain him permanently.

By 1935, in Hollywood, Fred Astaire

was singing about having "no strings ... I'm fancy free, and free for anything fancy." By 1935, in New York, Balanchine was living that out, racing around town to stage works for the American Ballet, the Metropolitan Opera, the Ziegfeld Follies (where he devised a number for Josephine Baker that made her the focus of four male "Shadows," all of them white) and for individual dancers to perform at recitals and parties. For one reason or another—impecunious companies, adverse publicity, uncomprehending producers, dancers who couldn't keep their commitments—his efforts kept evaporating. On the front page, his reputation as a glamorous import may have made him look like the toast of the town, but on the arts page he was frequently toast. By the late 1940s, when he was in his mid-40s (the age that Peter Martins, his successor at City Ballet, is now), Balanchine had some of his greatest ballets behind him, had finally conquered Broadway and Hollywood, and still couldn't find a steady job with a ballet company. Even when he found one, he had to wait a while before going on the payroll. The New York City Ballet was established in 1948, but he did not start drawing a ballet master's paycheck from it until the 1960s, when the company received grants from the Ford Foundation.

We tend to think of Balanchine's career as a kind of Platonic ideal, as one long, inexorable success story, and some of the criticism that has recently been directed at his heirs seems to be based on such a highly idealized version of his experience. At the level of art and spirit, the level that really matters, his career was a success story, but not while he was in it. If it weren't for Kirstein, whose upbringing, taste and temperament led him to look at Balanchine with eyes so full of visionary light that to the man in the street they might have seemed mad, Balanchine might well have remained in Europe. One doesn't want to contemplate what his fate could have been by 1941, the year of *Concerto Barocco* and *Ballet Imperial*. The adversities and the

uprootings that he endured turned out to be catalytic, and to some extent they may have been life-preserving. They taught him how to fail, how to be patient and flexible until success was at hand and then to seize it with a velvet glove and a grip of iron.

"There were many different periods in George's life, and ... for each of them he was a different man," Danilova wrote:

I knew him during the early stages, but later, when, for example, the company he had built moved from the City Center to the New York State Theater, I could see that he was

never wholly discouraged, often depressed, absent as a tangible personality when not in actual labor onstage or in rehearsal." Balanchine also had a miraculous ability to give himself up to his own extremes. When he needed people, he was the most convivial of companions. When he needed himself, he took what he needed unstintingly. "Balanchine had two things," Toumanova recalled:

He had a tremendous zest for life, and he also had a gift to retire within his own world, to just go away and not hear anything. I think that's why the music helped him tremendously, by allowing him to sit down at the piano and really get away from the world with that music. ... I think Balanchine lived in his own world. I don't think many people really realized his sensitivity. And I am afraid that some people took advantage of it. Balanchine was a solitary person, very much apart.

Moreover, Balanchine was not only an artist who had been through hardship, he was also a Russian expatriate artist with an aristocratic taste. He had high standards for himself when stranded in misery, and he made those standards known even to those he valued. He could be hard. "Nobody, dear, is interested in your tears," he once told the young Frania Russell, whose career as a dancer, a teacher and a stager of his work he oversaw with painstaking care. "You know, I am really a dead man," Ruthanna Boris related he said to her. "I was supposed to die and I

didn't, and so now everything I do is second chance. That is why I enjoy every day. I don't look back. I don't look forward. Only now." Boris linked this comment with the content of *Serenade*, of whose original cast, in 1934, she was a member. Years after its premiere, Balanchine consolidated a number of small parts in it into one big ballerina role. The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo received that version (which is unlike the one we see today), and Boris danced the big role there. "And when I did finally dance it, I felt more and more strongly that it showed a pattern in Balanchine's life," she says. "A figure comes in and all



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

sure of his success, and his approach was different—his approach to art, his approach to his dancers. And I thought to myself, I don't know this man.

How did Balanchine do it, one wonders—survive tribulation with grace and, for the most part, without display (or at least much public display) of temper or despair?

For one thing, he believed in the existence of God. For another, he poured himself into his work. In his fascinating new memoir, *Mosaic*, Kirstein writes: "This remained, even through later years, as my chief impression of him:

the configurations change. That figure initiates the change but does not participate in it. Then, finally, she does the finale looking for her place, and the whole group turns away. In the end she's the one that goes to heaven."

Did Balanchine, like a playwright or novelist, place a self-reflection into his choreography? We will never know for sure; he disapproved of attributing fixed meanings to *Serenade*. The figure described by Boris does fall to the floor in the posture of the stricken Albrecht in *Giselle*. (Boris said in her interview, "I knew by then that Balanchine had had tuberculosis.") When he made substantive changes in his ballets, they tended to be along the lines of consolidation and enlargement. Even when he was condemned to straitened circumstances, he held on to his big dreams. It is an almost incredible element of his ballets that the miniatures prefigure grander versions of themselves, while the grand undertakings evoke the seeds of the past. "Only now" becomes "now and forever."

II.

In terms of technique, there are two things that seem to be unique to Balanchine, that make a Balanchine ballet look like a Balanchine ballet. One of them concerns the expressive zones in the dancer's body. Over the course of his career, Balanchine frequently observed that human beings would be better dancers if, like animals, they had four feet. What he meant was that he wanted strength in the arms and nuance in the legs. Suzanne Farrell discusses a more analytical version of this idea in her autobiography, *Holding On to the Air*. In her account, the Petipa dancer is, for all intents and purposes, divided at the waist. As Farrell says, "the expression and emotion was conveyed on top, where the heart resides, while the technical steps were executed below, a separate event."

The Balanchine dancer, by contrast, is divided vertically. Balanchine "would often close one eye and optically split the body down the center, leaving each half with all the necessary components—head, arm, body, leg and foot," Farrell wrote. "To him the lower body was as capable of expression as the upper." The result for the choreography is that the action of the leg has the emotive power of gesticulation, and is called upon to exert that power with the speed and flexibility of the arm and hand. Similarly, the arm in port de bras may not be emotive, but rather may serve an architectural or dynamic function. In Balanchine, the legs can speak and the arms can rocket.

The other distinctive feature of Balanchine's style concerns the dancer's bal-

ance. It is the tendency of ballet dancers to work for perfectly placed suspension in a pose taken on full point or half-toe, and it is their badge of achievement to hold that balance indefinitely. In the course of his career, Balanchine increasingly sought to dislodge them from this suspension. During the '60s he seems really to have put the screws on, replacing the ideal of balance with the ideal of off-balance—that is, to move through the moment of suspension, acknowledge it and keep going. For the look of gravity conquered, he substituted the look of gravity risked.

Why? "Mr. B. wasn't sympathetic to dancers who just wanted to go onstage and be impressive and safe in their dancing," Diana Adams said in *I Remember Balanchine*. "Dancing was such a wonderful thing to Balanchine. It didn't matter what the critics said or what the audience thought. The thing was to dance something, not the impression that you made." By "dancing" here, Adams means something in addition to a repetition of steps: fluidity and openness to the moment that approaches improvisation. (Kirstein, in 1950, wrote of improvisation in an article on City Ballet.) Texture, attack and surprise are supreme values. The upbeat of an elementary tendu, the accent of a connective temps lié, can

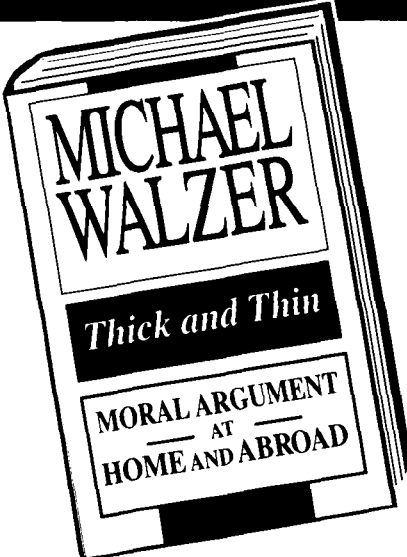
evoke the very processes of nature. To put a battalion of young women on stage, "just dancing," can reproduce the War of the Roses. (The lovely joke of the *Walpurgisnacht Ballet* of 1980 is that the thunder-and-brimstone climax of the score is satisfactorily embodied by a posse of ponytailed nymphs cantering through classroom steps.)

Balanchine's choreography also has no nostalgia for the kind of repetitive virtuosity that elaborates the suspended balance. He never made a work in which a ballerina was asked to perform thirty-two consecutive fouettés. He didn't even like too many multiple pirouettes: two or three can be discerned by an audience and appreciated individually, but five or ten can only be counted. A dancer who passes through plumb without sentimentality for the moment of plumb perfection is most fully alive to the act of dancing. In the most literal sense, one must give oneself up to the moment—to trust not preconceived ideas, but the music and the dancing, on the spot. In the course of such movement, one has little time to calculate effects: one feels what one hears, and then continues. In theory, the effects arise on the instant and they cannot be duplicated. At the next performance the dancer will experience the instant differ-

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ently and the effects will be different. No forward speculation, no backward glances. Only now.

In the near future, the George Balanchine Foundation, an offshoot of The Balanchine Trust, will release, with Nonesuch Records, one of the most important keys to the Balanchine legacy to enter the public domain: an encyclopedia of Balanchine technique, in nine cassette chapters, called *The Balanchine Essays*, with Suki Schorer as the commentator and Merrill Ashley as the principal demonstrator. The direction is by Merrill Brockway, who worked so productively with Balanchine on the Dance in America television programs. (Nonesuch is also scheduled to release tapes of those programs, which have been out of circulation for years, in tandem with the *Essays*.) I have seen the chapter on the arabesque; it contains what may be the crystallizing point of Balanchine's ideas on the step.

As Schorer notes on the tape, sometimes he wanted the hip of the working leg to be lifted, sometimes not. What he never swerved from, however, was his belief that the keystone of any arabesque is in the strength of the hip of the supporting leg.

This is not something you are likely to notice in performance—you aren't meant to notice Balanchine's technical secrets in performance. Still, once you understand the idea of how any arabesque, in any position, at any speed, is centered and grounded, you understand the Balanchine technique, in essence, on many levels of comprehension: the material, the metaphysical, the moral, the architectural. In that step, the step of classical ballet, the hip of the supporting leg seems like an interplanetary highway of connections.

III.

The great irony of Balanchine's vision of ballet technique, which was often maligned as "mechanical" or "dehumanizing," is that it is profoundly rooted in blind feeling rather

than in imagery perfected with the help of a mirror. In the most fundamental sense, how his dances look is not as important as whether they communicate the tiniest distinctions of what the dancer experiences internally while performing them. The more energized the performance, the richer the experience. We know that feeling is the root of his choreographic art from Balanchine himself. In an interview in 1978, he observed:

In my ballets, of course, there's an order. A dance must start and go somewhere. I can't

be called overacting. For dramatic suspense is built into all of his ballets, and all of the dancing figures in them contribute to its forward motion. To follow his plots, one needs to do what the dancers do: listen to the music. For his choreographic settings of the music lay out the choices of gestural tone and emphasis that actors in the theater either must find on their own or with a director's assistance. Balanchine was not above rearranging his scores on occasions—he switched the order of Tchaikovsky's movements in *Serenade*—

so as to make a dramatic point. Nor was he above interpolating a portion of one score into another—as when he slipped a piece of *The Sleeping Beauty* into his production of *The Nutcracker*—to serve the needs of a story.

Drama was always on his mind. The dancer's contribution was to surprise him, to show him possibilities of accent or emphasis that he hadn't realized were there—as he had himself surprised Stravinsky, in his choreography of *Movements for Piano and Orchestra*. Dancers met this challenge in a variety of ways. A few of them tried to calculate their effects, and to reproduce them at each performance; to "act" in the way that Balanchine disliked. Some of them didn't think about effect and just danced.

These dancers Balanchine fostered, although it sometimes took audiences longer to see in them what he saw. The strongest Balanchine dancers arrived

at some sort of compromise: to be themselves was the ideal, to understand what worked reliably was a useful reality. It is a highly compressed version of the ideal, then, that we hear in a statement such as this one: "Balanchine ballets are about dancing to the music and bringing forth what the music evokes. There's no story to it. There's no acting to it. There's only dancing—and that's it!"

The speaker is Rosemary Dunleavy, the ballet mistress who is primarily responsible for the corps de ballet roles in the Balanchine repertory at City Ballet. Dunleavy danced with the com-



GEORGE BALANCHINE AND SUZANNE FARRELL IN *DON QUIXOTE* (1965)

Photo © Fred Fehl

start until I know why I have to do something. "Why this?" I say. "Why this way?" If I don't know why, I can't start a ballet. Physically, I do. But before that, I must know, I must be sure why *this* is *that* way. It's inside of me—I have to feel inside of me that this little bundle is right and that it represents something clear, with a beginning, middle and end.

This commitment to the immediate reality, and to the ultimate justice, of feeling may have contributed to Balanchine's stated dislike of acting in dance. By acting, he seems to have meant something different from drama or the creation of character; what he meant could

pany from 1961 to 1971, when she retired from performing to become a ballet mistress full-time. That is, her personal association with Balanchine dates from the last two decades of his life, when he did put a tremendous emphasis on storyless ballets. I say emphasis, because in this excerpt from a recent interview in *Dance Magazine* Dunleavy is exaggerating the situation to make a point. While she was dancing, City Ballet performed *Noah and the Flood*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Don Quixote*, *Harlequinade*, *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* and, of course, *The Nutcracker*, every one of which has characters who are named as such in the programs. Still, even in these ballets, it was the dancer, not the character, who was meant to be taken most seriously. One went to *Don Quixote* to see how the role of Dulcinea permitted Suzanne Farrell to be Suzanne Farrell, to *Harlequinade* to see how the roles of Harlequin and Columbine would illuminate the partnership of Edward Villella and Patricia McBride: not to see impersonations of a literary or theatrical personage, but to catch the prospect of dancers being most fully themselves within this or that genre of balletic entertainment.

Films of Balanchine rehearsing dancers show that what mattered to him was that they understand the mechanics of a step, and that in executing that step they give it full value as an energized gesture. During the Balanchine Celebration, Jerome Robbins publicly screened a home movie that he had made of Balanchine during the early 1970s, rehearsing John Clifford in *Variations pour une porte et un soupir*. Clifford performed the work with Karin von Aroldingen, who, in a lavish cape of billowing black silk that filled the entire width of the stage, played the *porte*, the door. Clifford, groveling at her feet, played the frustrated *soupir*, the sigh. Much of the film was taken up with Balanchine's attempt to teach Clifford how to roll slowly while bringing up his knee to his chest. Balanchine stretched full out on the studio floor himself to demonstrate. Clifford couldn't get it. "Look at what I do, not how I do it," Balanchine said.

To see what Balanchine was doing Clifford at last had to stand up and adopt the angle of vision enjoyed by the observing filmmaker. He had to remove himself from the action so he could take in the picture. This is one of the perplexities of dancing: you cannot do it full out and watch it attentively. Most dancers learn by observing responsively. They detach themselves from the dance to look on while still marking the pulse with their bodies, and then plunge in

again. Balanchine accommodated Clifford's need to stand back—he could tell from Clifford's slightest body language whether he was on the right track—but the film suggests that what he was hoping Clifford would be able to do was to coordinate the sequence by remaining on the floor and paying attention to internal cues.

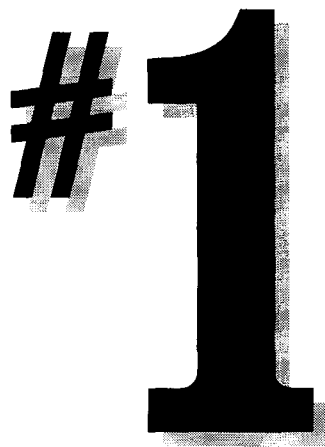
Clifford did his best at the time, and finally he approximated Balanchine's illustration. He passed a test; he could swim in the role. Yet he still wasn't swimming in the deepest water. How do I know? Because Balanchine's greatest dancers have addressed the subject of depth in speaking about what it meant to dance for him, and put their ideas into practice on the stage. Merrill Ashley in particular has been an extraordinary teacher. On stage she has provided a living example of the brilliance that emerges when one works to the utmost to reproduce the letter of Balanchine's classroom teaching; yet Ashley, one of the most discerning observers of Balanchine on this exoteric level, has recognized that there is another, more esoteric one. That deeper level is represented, for her, by the dancing of Suzanne Farrell.

Ashley joined City Ballet in 1966, at the height of Balanchine's obsession

with Farrell as a dancer and a woman. To the eyes of Ashley, then around 16 years old, Farrell was an enigma. In no uncertain terms, she was the focus of Balanchine's attention—at times she was the exclusive focus, to the anger and sorrow of other dancers—and Ashley wanted to understand why. For Farrell seemed disobedient to Balanchine. She was startling not least because she was not reproducing his instructions to the letter. And other dancers who, like Farrell, opposed his teaching "remained in his good graces"—that is, continued to receive good roles and to advance in the company hierarchy.

Clearly, these independently minded students were doing something right, but what? The following analysis of that "what" is from Ashley's book, *Dancing for Balanchine*:

What were Balanchine's criteria? Where did the path to success lie? I looked to the principal dancers for clues. I found in Melissa Hayden a dancer with energy and fire, in Violette Verdy a dancer with beautiful turnout and great musicality, and in Allegra Kent a delicate yet strong dancer with a mysteriously magnetic stage presence. Yet none of these ballerinas was Balanchine's favorite, and I could not understand why. I did not yet appreciate how much Balanchine valued individuality and how ready he was to over-



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look shortcomings, provided he received enough in return.

What did Balanchine want to receive? In another part of the book, Ashley examines the question in the context of a class that was conducted by Farrell, who was, at that time, barely out of her own teenage years:

[Farrell] was cool and remote in her manner, but at the same time she tried to convey to us the importance of enjoying ourselves and looking as if we were enjoying ourselves as we danced. We had to let go and not merely pay attention to the steps. It sounded simple enough, but when the steps you're executing have you stretched to the limit of your ability, it's hard to feel joy, let alone radiate it.

Where did that joy come from? Ashley was not in a position to answer the question. Farrell, however, has provided an answer in her autobiography, and it is neither easy nor joyful. Nor was it commonly available as a source of inspiration.

Farrell's joy as Balanchine's dancer was the fruit of her role as an agent of denial in Balanchine's life. Balanchine wanted to sleep with her, to marry her; he told her he wanted a child. Farrell resisted. At the time that Balanchine expressed these desires to her, he was, himself, married; Farrell, too, soon married another dancer. Her resistance, however, was rooted in a deeper objection—an objection whose logic may seem hard to grasp, especially for people whose ideas of the joys and dangers of sex have been shaped by the liberties of the 1970s and the fears of the 1980s rather than the moralisms of the 1950s. For Farrell, the logic in which she was locked dictated that for her and Balanchine to live out the fantasies of the stage and the studio would poison the very wellspring that made those fantasies possible.

Fantasy could not survive the bedroom. Farrell's passage is worth quoting at length, for its intrinsic interest as an account of both Balanchine and Farrell, and as an illustration of the almost blinkered sense of mission that guides her most intimate considerations of his work:

As before in times of crisis, dancing was my emotional and spiritual anchor. But while George knew my allegiance to him was more than just professional, it was not enough for him. It broke my heart not to be able to give him everything he wanted, but I couldn't. I couldn't and survive at the same time. This was something I could not explain; I just felt it.

Our unique relationship had proved itself so often to both of us, and it might not have

withstood consummation. The physical side of love is of paramount importance to many people, but to us it wasn't. Our interaction was physical, but its expression was dance. We both had histories suggesting that marriage might not be the answer—George had had numerous marriages, and my family had barely survived the one that produced me. I didn't want to go home with George and be married. Even if it had been bliss, I think we would have lost something on another level. The thought frightened me.

All the same, I did consider the prospect. It would have given George what he thought he wanted. But I could not see what it would have given our work that we didn't already have. I knew that I didn't need to sleep with him to be cast in his ballets. He didn't need to sleep with me to reveal my potential as a dancer. He had tried many times before to unify his artistic and emotional passions of the moment, but the history of his many marriages suggested only insecurity to me. Balanchine needed to choreograph to live, just as I needed to dance to live. Neither of us needed to be married to live.... Offstage we were both confused, sometimes stupid emotional human beings, but onstage we were bigger and better than ourselves.

Because I couldn't give George everything he wanted, I became committed to making it up to him in some other way. I think this commitment lodged itself in my subconscious and made me a better dancer. It became quite simple—every time I danced, it was life or death to me.

Farrell's perspective is her own; very distinguished ballerinas—to certain long-time observers, even more distinguished than Farrell—did not give away the artists in themselves when they married Balanchine. What matters to the Balanchine legacy is the overwhelming integrity of Farrell's perspective, as well as the analysis, moral and aesthetic, that grounded her personal choice. Farrell is a Balanchine authority owing not only to what she experienced, but also to the experience that she renounced. Like Kent, whom Balanchine also adored, and who also married someone else, Farrell is a heroine not only of steps but also of imagination, of her own imagination.

Farrell's words here have a coldness and a finality that make one pause; the air on a mountaintop is not for everybody. Still, if a dancer cannot identify, on some level, with Farrell's extreme, that dancer will be closed off from the full range of Balanchine's work. From the time that Farrell rejoined the company in 1975, following her break from Balanchine in 1969, he immediately started to make new roles for her and to cast her in roles that still stand as the centerpieces of the ballets in which they are embedded. To the end of her own career as a dan-

cer, which was prematurely curtailed in 1987 by an ailing hip, Farrell's peculiar blend of personal reserve and artistic mission represented to the audience the essence of what has come to be known, and even trademarked, as the Balanchine Style.

IV.

When Balanchine died in 1983, his company kept dancing. So did his school. (On the day of his death, you could see performances by both City Ballet and the S.A.B. Workshop.) The dancing, moreover, was magnificent. It was the ultimate tribute that the dancers could offer: business as usual. For the next several years the tribute remained alive. During those years the company was co-directed by Peter Martins and Jerome Robbins, with Martins taking on the duties of fund-raising and the day-to-day management of the organization. (He is also chairman of the school.)

The amazing revival of Balanchine's hymn to love, *Liebeslieder Walzer*, in 1984, staged by von Aroldingen (to whom he bequeathed it in his will), seemed to confirm that, given the right conditions, it was possible to keep Balanchine after Balanchine in a condition tantamount to perpetual youth. Many observers came to believe that something unprecedented in American dance could actually happen: that the ballets could flourish, the teaching could thrive and the most useful insights of the visionary stage director could be reincarnated in his disciples. (The revived *Liebeslieder* had two extraordinary casts in its first season, including individuals who never danced the ballet for the master himself.)

Then, in 1987 or 1988, things took an unhappy turn. Key figures died or retired. Martins made new dances that seemed increasingly contemptuous of their own balletic materials, and—the most worrisome indicator of all—no new generation of ballerinas emerged. The Balanchine repertory began to take on a lackluster appearance, and it acquired a curious, agitated fussiness. The dancers were doing too much and not enough. The belligerent pieces by William Forsythe made the younger dancers look more interesting than they did in the understated ballets of Balanchine. When Jerome Robbins resigned in 1990, the Balanchine repertory began to languish in earnest, and the company seemed more than frazzled; it began to look unloved and desperate. Work started to get around that backstage Martins was a tyrant, screaming his troops into position.

The Balanchine Celebration in the spring of 1993, a massive retrospective of seventy-three of the master's ballets, was the climax of this debilitating period. It was well-attended, much-publicized and—as far as getting the spotlight back on Balanchine goes—a success on its own terms. Yet it stirred up a storm of criticism, and the objections were severe. Their common theme, roughly, was that the ballets all looked more or less the same because they were being danced without consideration for their tonal differences, which constitute, in essence, their meaning. Martins emerged from this criticism as a blackguard, a vandal.

He did not help his own case when, later in the summer, he fired ballet master Bart Cook. (Cook apparently had a history of disputing Martins's decisions concerning the Balanchine repertory.) And he looked like a real villain when, late in the summer, he dropped Farrell from the payroll. (The company justified her severance as a cost-cutting necessity, but Farrell was neither teaching nor coaching the company at the time.) The dismissal of Farrell seemed to be the last straw in what amounted to Martins's dismissal of dancers from his past. During seminars on Balanchine, conducted in tandem with the Celebration, stars from nearly every decade of City Ballet's history noted that they had not been invited by the company to participate in Celebration rehearsals, and a few of them noted that their own attempts to offer help had been turned down. For some of City Ballet's most discerning observers, the company had not only shut a door, it had sealed it. Balanchine may live outside New York, but at his Lincoln Center address he was no longer to be found.

The Celebration overall disheartened me, too, and the dismay did not come as a surprise. During the past five years or so the performance of the Balanchine repertory by the company has been staid. This is the harshest criticism that can be made of this company in this repertory: staid, in Balanchine, is a kind of death. Richard Buckle, one of his biographers, cites an interview in 1941 that the choreographer gave in South America: "Tiller Girls [a troupe of precision dancers of the 1920s] are for older people like our grandparents. Nowadays we do different—more modern. I call it 'organized chaos.'"

When Balanchine ballets are alive, you never know what to expect even from works that you have seen many, many times. The dancers seem on the verge of losing self-consciousness in the service of the musical impulse. To convey this impression while keeping the steps crys-

talline is, in kinesthetic terms, a paradox. It has a sensual element, and it has a charismatic, seductive appeal. One of those enamored was Peter Martins. In his autobiography, *Far from Denmark*, which appeared in 1982, he recounts how, during his first rehearsal with Balanchine in 1967, he "fell in love with this man ... so wonderfully natural. ... He radiated knowledge and authority." Yet Martins also noticed that City Ballet was decidedly a horse of another color. "The dancers neglected or didn't bother with precision," he said. "The emphasis was on the energy and on movement itself, on timing and quickness." Yet, in the years immediately after Martins took over, the emphasis increasingly was on shape for its own sake, on homogenizing precision.

The year 1941, the year of the "organized chaos" remark, was also the year of *Concerto Barocco*. As the historian Sally Banes has recently argued, *Concerto Barocco*, which is set to one of Bach's double violin concertos, draws also on elements derived from jazz dancing. At least as recently as the 1960s, Balanchine was reminding his dancers about those jazz touches. In *I Remember Balanchine*, Schorer, once a principal dancer with the company and now a member of the S.A.B. faculty, describes learning the spirit of the ballet from Balanchine directly. "The ballet has a very jazzy feeling," she said.

[Balanchine] used to say, "This step is like the Charleston." ... The ballet has a lot of syncopation, and he actually worked on it the most. The timing had to be exactly so. One girl steps over and moves her leg and dances, then the second girl dances, and he cared a lot about crispness in that. He wanted articulation, musicality.

That is, *Concerto Barocco* carried the powerful, torquing energy that we associate with Bach to the powerful, torquing energy we associate with barrelhouse, by way of the classical dance vocabulary.

Sometime during the 1970s, however, the ballet's temperature lowered. By the end of the decade, one could barely detect the barrelhouse; it had become almost a ballet to do in a church. Did Balanchine no longer oversee those last rehearsals, or had his eye changed? Whatever the case, the late, diminished model of *Barocco* seems to have become the company's model for *Barocco* in the '90s. There are lovely aspects to this reading, but it is not characteristic of the greater part of Balanchine's career, nor of his essentially restless sensibility. Can the jazz elements of this masterpiece be recalled? Probably, but it would mean overhauling the production (a process

that this season's performances suggest is now underway) and communicating to everyone involved the timeless reasons for overhauling it, so that the dancers understand its relevance to them at this moment.

That is not the sort of thing that can be done on the wing, while rehearsing seventy-two other ballets in a single season, which is exactly what the Balanchine Celebration did. All those Balanchine ballets in a single season: the gesture was heroic, grand, Balanchinian. Still, when one settled down to look at the ballets (I saw all but two), some two-thirds of them missed the specific touches that make them interesting, individual, quickening to the blood. The ones created after 1960 tended to fare better, but the reasons for their faring better in one case were different from the reasons for their faring better in another. We saw either organization or chaos, but almost never a melding of the two. (This problem obtained in the orchestra pit as well.)

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The programming scheme of the Celebration—the ballets were presented chronologically, according to the dates of their world premieres—did not help. It perpetuated the fiction that the ballets assigned to those dates were actually the ballets we were watching—even though what we were watching were Balanchine's last thoughts of the '70s and '80s. (The *Firebird* that made Maria Tallchief a star in 1949 is really a cousin to the *Firebird* in repertory today. *Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2*, of 1973, is a different poem really from *Ballet Imperial* of 1941, even though many of the steps may be the same.) The chronological scheme was unkind to Balanchine's way of working. The year 1947, for example, produced several symphonic ballets from him, but they were never meant to be performed all together; the effects cancel each other out. Balanchine's unambiguous efforts to keep the overall tone of an evening heterogeneous were quite pointedly abandoned.

Martins has made many wrong choices as a director, and he has set a tone that encourages his staff to make wrong choices. But he has made his mistakes in a context that has been implicit from the company's founding, an institutional context that encourages a director to consider performers as interchangeable components that may need to be sacrificed individually for the greater good of the system. This is one of the trickiest decisions required of a stage director, for the patterns of replacement, which amount to a profile of the director's taste, affect the repertory in essential respects. Within the parameters of his own taste, Balanchine managed to retain a company capable of a wide variety of stage effects, not least among them tenderness and wit—crucial elements, for example, in the Tchaikovsky ballets.

Martins appears to understand this with respect to the men, but not yet with respect to the women. Until recently, his major choices of which women to replace or to promote give evidence of a different preference, a different taste: for stamina and bravado. Martins's own ballets thrive on those qualities. For the sake of the Balanchine repertory, however, he needs to enlarge his standards for choosing dancers. The music of the Balanchine ballets is one guide: Martins needs young soloists and principals with a keen intuition of the visceral relationship between music and gesture, whose dancing can rhyme with either Tchaikovsky or Mozart. (It is Martins's misfortune that Robert Irving, the company's musical director, whom Balanchine treated as

a peer, is not available to him. Irving's death in 1991 may have been the biggest blow to the Balanchine repertory after the death of Balanchine himself.)

Of course, the production of ballerinas is not entirely in Martins's power. It was not entirely in Balanchine's power, either. Balanchine, it is true, nurtured more ballerina talent than any other choreographer of his time; but it must be remembered that his time produced great ballerinas around the world. Our time is different. As teachers and coaches in America and abroad have observed, the ballerina in the 1990s seems to be an endangered species. In any event, it is unquestionable that during Martins's tenure as ballet master-in-chief the line of ballerinas has come to a halt. One sees some wonderful young dancers, but a ballerina is something greater: she represents the authority of poetic intention as well as of technical expertise.

One of Martins's strongest critics has been his former partner Farrell. The week the Celebration opened, *The New Yorker* published an interview with her that more or less laid City Ballet's woes squarely on his shoulders. Her objections were unimpeachable, and they are a decade old. Since the early 1980s Farrell has been making implicit criticisms of how City Ballet was being run. In *Balanchine's Ballerinas*, which was published in 1983, the interviewer, Robert Tracy, reminds Farrell of something that Martins had written about her in his book: that, as a ballerina, she was "the last of her kind." According to Tracy, Martins was implying "that young dancers now think of themselves more like athletes and don't share [Farrell's] attitude toward being a ballerina." Farrell begins her response with the words, "I think Peter is right." In light of what she goes on to say, however, the ghost of a more complicated answer emerges:

I do see a difference in younger dancers.... It's especially apparent to me when I teach. I was noticing yesterday in class how much people were concentrating on steps. I concentrate also, but you have to be aware that you're performing something, that you're showing how beautiful it is. There is a very high level of technical proficiency in ballet today. I sometimes wonder how much better dancers can get. But the problem with the girls is that they seem to look alike. If you were to get everybody in a room doing a step, just the legs, it would be difficult to know what face went with what pair of legs. Everyone works the same way.

I don't look like dancers do now. I'm not structured the same way, and I haven't developed the same muscles they have. I don't have muscular legs like theirs. The younger

girls are thin, but they're very sinewy. You see the calves. They have tension in the neck, and muscular arms. I don't look like that, yet I'm a disciple of Mr. B.'s.... People now seem to worry a lot about being strong. Naturally you need the strength to get through a ballet, but you also need to be feminine. And so many dancers work on building up strength to the point where they become unfeminine. Tough. Yet ultimately our job is to entertain. To be beautiful to look at.

Now, dancers don't simply show up on the State Theater stage or in the advanced classes of the School of American Ballet. They are winnowed out from much larger groups of aspirants. In 1983, the year of Balanchine's death, the dancers whom Farrell would have seen at City Ballet and in the school would not have been cultivated by Martins. Their look would have reflected a process of selection that was operating during the last years of Balanchine's life. Balanchine had an early warning system of colleagues, in the company and in the school, who would alert him to talent. Did that system go awry during his last years? Did the school begin to attract a different kind of dancer? Perhaps Farrell ought to have been scouting for the school. Whatever the answer, something was off before Martins stepped into his job. For that reason, he blundered badly in ignoring the criticism. He lost precious time.

Some critics fear that the age of the ballerina, even the age of ballet, is over for good. This is premature. People can surprise you, and also in pleasant ways. The School of American Ballet continues to turn out promising ballerina candidates in superior stagings of Balanchine ballets. And, when Robbins returns to the State Theater to oversee his own repertory, as he did this past season, the company springs to life in Balanchine, too. City Ballet does not need to dance Balanchine exclusively to do him justice. Although a pure Balanchine repertory would be extremely helpful to the dancers (and bliss to some of the audience), there are other ways to keep portions of that repertory vital and still honor Robbins, the best work of Martins and other choreographers whose contributions prove useful for the company on a short-term basis.

Francia Russell and Kent Stowell at Pacific Northwest Ballet, Edward Villella at Miami City Ballet, and Patricia Wilde at Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre maintain limited Balanchine repertories, but they do not seem to be burdened by the past in presenting them. They look on the Balanchine works as an opportunity, a way to offer their calling cards of excellence in a

time when new work, different in kind and lesser in achievement, must be encouraged to keep their companies renewed. In the spirit of Balanchine's comment about "organized chaos," you cannot see a better *Rubies* today—more ferociously encouraging of the dancers' energy, clarity, individuality—than the one that Miami City Ballet brought recently to the State University of New York at Purchase under conditions that, by New York standards, were abysmal: an out-of-the-way theater, taped music, no famous dancers. What did Villella do to

get this ballet into shape? I asked him during an intermission. He said that his company discussed various levels of the ballet with the dancers. That's what Russell apparently does, too. "[Balanchine] knew what all his roles were about, what he intended," Russell said in *I Remember Balanchine*. "He could have explained but I think he was right that it wouldn't have made the performances any better. On the other hand, now I try to talk a little bit about how dancers should approach roles in our own company."

Balanchine knew what his roles were about: the observation justly suggests that there is something flawed about the assertion that "There's only dancing—and that's it!" Balanchine's ballets are about *more* than the precise technique and he correct images evoked by the music. There is a dimension to these ballets—one knows it from the experience of their power in the theater—that went without

saying during Balanchine's lifetime. In his absence, however, it needs to be conveyed. Certainly the youngest principals, the ones who never worked with Balanchine personally, need to understand it. This is important for the men, but it is critical for the women, who are the central curators of this repertory. Such knowledge, which older ballerinas and teachers can transmit, will not assure the emergence of stars. Stars are born. But it will keep the ballets in a condition that would make it possible for a star to really shine, and it would keep the vision clear of those people whose job it is to scout out star material.

Martins had better understand that this problem of succession involves risk. He must bet on the young at a moment when the economics of the arts would decree that one go with the tried and true. For the moment, however, he seems to be hedging his bets, though in the past season or two he has started to unfreeze the casting slightly, featuring corps members and soloists of promise in starring roles and experienced ballerinas in new roles, as well as importing guest ballerinas who are already stars in other repertoires. One recent import

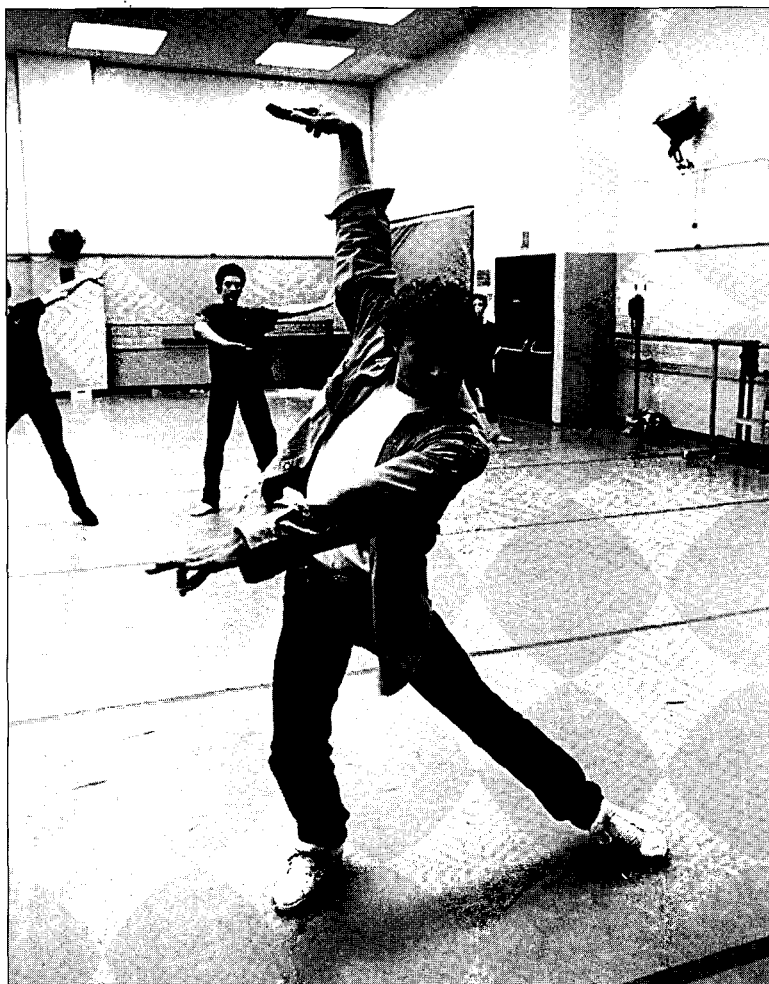
in *C*? For the answer to this question, which is both practical and theoretical, one might consider an anecdote that Clifford recounted in *I Remember Balanchine*. In 1969 Clifford was working on his first work as a choreographer, a ballet called *Reveries*, to a score that Balanchine had advised him to use, and he invited Balanchine in for a look-see. "He came in, and he didn't like it," Clifford began. He continued:

I was fed up that day... I said, "Well, Mr. B., I don't understand. It's just classical steps set to the adagio." He said, "Well, dear, it's supposed to be more Russian-feeling and Slavic."

I got mad, and I said, "Well, it's just classical ballet..." He said, "No, it's not, it's supposed to be scenes of Russia." I said, "What?" He said, "The music is sweet. Tchaikovsky is being very specific." I said, "Well, I don't know that, I don't hear that in the music." He said, "Well, dear, that's what it is." He had images of the suite that were more specifically Russian folklore, which I don't know anything about. I said, "But I don't know that. I can't superimpose that. What about Second Movement *Bizet*?" [*Symphony in C*] He said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Well, Second Movement *Bizet* is just classical *grand jeté* and *développé* side, that's not specific." He said, "No, no, it's specific to me." I said, "Oh." He said, "Besides which, it perfectly fits the music." I said, "Well, you can fit music to anything." So I put on the *Reveries* recording, and I got up and proceeded to dance Second Movement *Bizet*. I superimposed his choreography over the Tchaikovsky music. And I'll be damned if it didn't fit, like a glove, even to the change for the

développé. I wasn't just doing the steps, I was doing it in sequence. He turned red. It was one of the only times I ever saw him really get mad. He said, "That's not fair."

He said, "That's not fair because the *Bizet* Second Movement is supposed to be dance of the moon." I went, "Dance of the moon?... What's the moon got to do with it?" He said, "Well, the *grands jetés* where she gets carried back and forth at one point are supposed to be the moon going across the sky." I said, "Oh." I was speechless at that point. Here is the great "abstract" dance master telling me that in *Bizet* the *grands jetés* to him represented the dance of the moon. I mean, how do you argue with that? I said, "Well, fine." He said, "Well, dear, you should think about changing it."



PETER MARTINS REHEARSING SYMPHONIC DANCES, 1994

has been Darcey Bussell of the Royal Ballet, where she danced a number of Balanchine ballets. She is a strong, beautiful dancer, with a center-stage radiance that cannot be taught; and her performances in the pas de deux of *Agon* and in the second movement of *Symphony in C* this past season showed all these qualities.

And yet even Bussell's appearances weren't fully satisfying, if you knew those ballets well. For Balanchine is not only about beauties dancing; he is about beauties making beauty while dancing. That is what the ballerinas of tomorrow must understand. What more, for example, could Bussell learn about *Symphony*

Photo © Paul Kolnik

Clifford had unearthed another, extramusical, more personal level of meaning in Balanchine himself. The dance of the moon. What could that be? One begins to think ballerinas. The ballet that we call *Symphony in C* is a version of a slightly earlier work, called *Le Palais de Cristal*, that Balanchine made for the Paris Opéra, and the original ballerina in this role in the second movement was Toumanova, perhaps the most naturally beautiful woman for whom Balanchine ever fashioned roles. Many of them were in ballets with a mysterious perfume bordering on tragedy. ("Every time he did a choreography for me, even a brio choreography, there was always a nostalgia, a sort of *tristesse*," Toumanova has said.)

In a few of those roles, Toumanova wore costumes with faint suggestions of the night sky, such as the crescent-moon headdress in *Balustrade*. These showcased her pale skin and dark hair; her very face was evocative of the moon in the night. As for her dancing, it seems from films and written accounts to have been characterized by tremendous strength in poised balances—a strength that made the balances themselves seem alive—and by a sculptural volume to her phrasing. According to some reports, she also would keep a low focus, giving her head a downward cast and her upper body a tragic quality. Ballerinas after Toumanova in this role did not succeed in it by imitating Toumanova's idiosyncrasies, but all of them have imparted some version of gravity or *tristesse* by other means. And that is what the sanguine Bussell failed to impart. Her steps were in place, her basic equipment was right, she was exciting in her way, but her approach to this role was not in any respect darkening. She did not seem to hear the romantic element that Balanchine did in the music. The actual image of the moon in the sky—which the reader of Clifford's account might think of—was not something that Bussell intuited from her experience alone. She needed coaching.

The Balanchine repertory has become most famous for only some of its traits: for formal accomplishment, for technical perfection, for attractive impersonality. These are the traits that bring to mind "the classic," "the best." Yet they are not the whole. There is more to classicism than precision that can be seen. There is the visible and there is the invisible; and in Balanchine's classicism, the invisible refers supremely to emotion, to feeling, to the life of the heart that must be communi-

cated by the means of highly formal appearances.

Classicism is rigorous, emotion is not; and yet they are not opposites. It is not emotion that classicism rejects, it is emotionalism. Emotionalism lacks a particular power that art needs, which is the power to keep forms alive over time. The classical style is consecrated to the play, and the sustenance, of formal relationships—Balanchine would correct the angle at which a dancer held her little finger—and so it abhors blatant statement. It is a style of indirection. But it is not, for that reason, an affectless style, and it must not be presented as one. Balanchine used to belittle the people in the audience who wept openly at his ballets, but who can doubt that he himself wept in private, or that the transfiguration of suffering by beauty is at the heart of his work?

Balanchine did not believe in planned perfection. He worked at the crossroads between perfection and life. Which is to say, he was, this master so famous for classicism, a great romantic. What is missing from the Balanchine repertory as it is being curated by his heirs is precisely this: his romanticism. It is ironic that, in a culture drenched in confession, City Ballet is having its worst trouble joining feeling to form; but the fact is that Balanchine's company, which he taught to dance at all the levels of dancing, the physical, the structural, the intuitive, the imaginative, the emotional, the tragic, the comic, is honoring only a part of his teaching.

It turns out that a part of Balanchine's teaching cannot be surgically separated from the rest, that the alienation of his romantic spirit from his classical style results in a general deformation, so that the technique, too, is affected by what is missing. Tighter fifth positions are one way of improving the dancers of today; but they are not the only way, or the most difficult. Nor will browbeating the dancers into position have the desired effect. Technique is not only a matter of obvious accomplishment, it is an ongoing point of view. For its execution to be pervasive and consistent, the dancers must want to execute it.

City Ballet's spring season has just concluded. Its focus was not Balanchine, who was represented by only a score or so of ballets, it was the Diamond Project, an ongoing program of new works, to encourage living choreographers. (What I've seen of these ballets so far has been thin.) The Balanchine performances that I did attend, in the

case of every work, were better danced than at the Celebration. New casts were tried out, with some very promising results. I saw performances of *Symphony in C*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Concerto Barocco* in which so much detail appeared to have been restored that the ballets looked brand new. The orchestra sounded rehearsed, the soloists sounded good. And passages in Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering* were more effective than they have been in years. Will these improvements hold? At the spring workshop of the school, Robbins's new Bach ballet for the students suggested that the larger institution known as City Ballet is still capable of piquing his invention. Finally, a performance on that same workshop program of *Serenade*, a work celebrating its sixtieth birthday, was the best account of this ballet that I have seen since Balanchine's death, and one of the best I have ever seen.

This season also marked the last performances of Adam Luders, one of the company's finest partners and most inimitable "Balanchine dancers." Robert Schumann's "*Davidstündlertänze*," which was one of Balanchine's last works, features Luders in a central role which no one else, to my knowledge has ever danced, and in which no one else on the horizon is imaginable. How can the Schumann ballet be preserved until a successor comes along? How can Luders's knowledge of dancing and partnering, derived from his work with Balanchine, be opened up to the next generation, unless the parts in which Luders seems to be irreplaceable are, in fact, filled with replacements? The questions are, as with many questions concerning Balanchine, paradoxical. That there are no inevitable answers does not mean that there are no answers. Compromises may take on a beauty of their own, as is the case with memorable twentieth-century productions of much changed nineteenth-century balletic masterpieces.

Art, and the direction of art, is no democratic. The director of an artistic institution risks being perceived as a tyrant by those who are not favored or pleased, and on occasion he (or she) must be a tyrant in order to get things impossible on stage by the time the curtain goes up. And yet no single performance of a ballet is a lasting summary of a work, or of a dancer's gifts. Balanchine knew that very well. One can do only so much on an evening. Tomorrow one will do more. It was an important part of Balanchine's teaching that there are limits to tyranny, even to the tyranny of a master. •

Advise and Dissent

BY ROBERT M. SOLOW

The Agenda: Inside the Clinton White House by Bob Woodward

(Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., \$24)

Please don't buy this book. If you do, you are laying \$24 at the feet of a monument to superficiality. Besides, it's pretty dull. Woodward says that he is aiming for the territory between journalism and history; but what he has done falls between journalism and gossip. The tone is reminiscent of one of those fictionalized biographies: "Sooner or later, we'll have to cut old Danton off at the knees," mused Robespierre. And then, with an involuntary half-smile: "Well, not exactly at the knees." The book begins with word-for-word pillow talk between Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. It is certain that the reader has no way of judging how much of the material is public knowledge, how much was blabbed, how much was made up. Woodward says that his tapes and notes have been stored away, to be released in forty years, but in forty years nobody will remember or care.

In a flurry of television appearances to sell his book, Woodward and his hosts seem to have decided that the main revelation of his melodramatically titled book has to do with the "chaos" of President Clinton's policy process. Apparently Clinton's advisers often have different opinions about what he ought to do, and they argue about them at length. Clinton, in turn, apparently listens to what they say, sometimes leans one way and sometimes another, and has a hard time making up his mind.

On the evidence in the book itself, the charge is exaggerated. The same sort of quabbling probably characterizes every new administration, especially if it represents a change of party. The disputes between Harry Hopkins and Harold Cokes (*père*, not *fils*) were well-publicized in Roosevelt's time. Something quite similar went on in the Kennedy administration. David Stockman has told us all about the infighting and the backbiting in Ronald Reagan's presidency. Even an ideal administration like George Bush's managed to generate disagreements and jockeyings for position.

Nor is this accidental. When Europeans express to me their astonishment

at the inconsistencies and the hesitations of American economic policy, I have to remind them that our political system is very different from what they are used to. We have no party discipline. A president, even if he has a formal majority in Congress, cannot count on getting his way. In a very large and federally organized system like ours, legislators have distinct and urgent regional and industrial interests to pursue, in order to keep their own voters happy. So a president is very often in the position of bargaining with members of his own party (even the ineffable Senator Boren) and doesn't hold all the cards.

And there is another extenuating factor. The players in this book are brand-new presidential appointees, new to government, just learning their jobs. In Europe, they would be experienced civil servants. We ask for "chaos" and we get it. But we also avoid the running joke of "Yes, Minister." Woodward seems to think that this is a quirk of personalities, but it is built into the system.

The real story line of Woodward's book concerns the evolution of economic policy, from the ambitious proposals contained in *Putting People First*, the manifesto of the Clinton-Gore campaign in 1992, to an almost exclusive emphasis on deficit reduction. The original campaign document contained a grab bag of proposals. All such documents do. They were aimed at Clinton's audience, "people who work hard and play by the rules." Among the centerpieces were a "middle-class tax cut" to counter the regressive moves of the Reagan-Bush years, a program of "social investments" in education, training for the unskilled who had been losing ground, and improvements in physical infrastructure to boost industrial productivity and repair years of neglect.

These things cost money. It was said that "the numbers didn't add up," and no doubt they did not. Campaign documents are always optimistic. The example of Walter Mondale, who candidly promised to raise taxes, does not suggest that ruthless honesty is the best policy. Besides, getting the numbers right is

extraordinarily difficult. The Congressional Budget Office does it about as well as possible, but it has hundreds of employees.

Anyway, that was in June 1992. A year later Clinton was struggling to get through Congress a piece of legislation with no middle-class tax cut, practically no social investments and a lot of deficit reduction. How did that happen?

Woodward exhibits no interest in issues of analysis or principle. Everything is a drama of personality. The cast of characters—his words, and the right ones, given his approach—falls into two main groups, apart from Bill and Hillary Clinton. In one corner are the political people who had managed the Clinton campaign but were not part of his government. They include James Carville, Paul Begala, Stanley Greenberg and Mandy Grunwald. Woodward calls them "the consultants." In purple trunks are the members of "the economic team," including Lloyd Bentsen, the secretary of the Treasury, and his deputy, Roger Altman; Leon Panetta, the director of Management and Budget, and his deputy, Alice Rivlin; Robert Rubin, the director of the (brand-new) National Economic Council; Laura d'Andrea Tyson and Alan Blinder, the chairman and (at the time) the only appointed member of the Council of Economic Advisers; and Lawrence Summers, undersecretary of the Treasury. Bentsen and Panetta are veterans of the Senate and House. Rubin and Altman come from the world of finance. The rest of the economic team consists of academic economists. (For this purpose the Brookings Institution is an honorary university.)

In between are George Stephanopoulos and Gene Sperling, who had served in the campaign shoulder-to-shoulder with the consultants but who now have other functions. Stephanopoulos, we learn, has to mediate for the president; and Sperling, who did numbers work and general fire fighting for the campaign, but was also the conduit between it and Clinton's outside economic advisers, has become Rubin's deputy. The consultants see themselves as keepers of the flame, reminding Clinton that he won as an outsider appealing to outsiders. The economic team is acutely aware of constraints that strike the consultants as abstract traps, as the usual establishment excuses for not doing the right thing. More to the point, the consultants think they have found a winning formula and want to stick with it (although the formula was good for only 43 percent of the vote).

Keynes wrote that economists are not the guardians of civilization, but they are

the guardians of the possibility of civilization. There are difficult questions here. Woodward sees none of them. As far as he is concerned, the story is not about possibilities at all. It is a twilight struggle between two groups of people for the heart and mind of the president.

But Clinton and his people had to look at the ongoing budget deficit from at least three points of view. The most important of these goes directly to his objectives. If the basic problem of the United States economy was slow growth combined with widening inequality, then part of the solution must lie in increased investment in all forms. Some of this investment falls naturally in the public domain, including the social investments featured in *Putting People First*. Private investment in productive equipment and industrial research and

development is also part of the solution. Both have to be financed out of the same pool of national saving. (There is also the possibility of borrowing abroad, but that would take us far from the point, and the book.) When the Treasury borrows to finance a deficit, it uses up part of the pool.

Actually, this is too simple. The pool of national saving is not fixed; it expands when the economy expands. With a fairly slack economy, as in 1992-1993, a case could be made for deficit financing of public investment. The net use of national saving would be relatively small: induced economic expansion would return some additional tax revenue to the government and higher incomes would induce some incremental private saving. Both would serve as partial off-sets to the drain of the deficit. Still, with

the economy already moving up, a case could also be made for immediate attention to deficit reduction, if only to show that it could be done. But there is an element of judgment involved, and it would need to be argued out.

Notice that the middle-class tax cut would have been a move in the wrong direction. Equity would be served, but not the need for higher productivity. A middle-income tax cut would be primarily a stimulus to private consumption. Financing the extra deficit in the capital market would lead to a rise in interest rates, and that would discourage private investment. Of course any immediate boost to the economy, no matter where it comes from, would be favorable for business investment spending, but this is a weak and indirect way to accomplish the goal.

Secondly, deficit reduction had become politically popular, for good reasons and bad. There was very little

room left for maneuver. (This was Reagan's legacy, presumably intended. The creation of crippling deficits, while deploring them at every turn, was a great piece of political sleight of hand. There was nothing the consultants could do about that.) With hindsight, an attempt to go against the deficit-reduction mood would, at best, have gotten the economy to its current status a little quicker, and would have failed to establish Clinton's credentials as a president with a clear view of the long run. If Woodward's text is good for anything, it makes clear how widespread ritual devotion to deficit reduction complicated his negotiations with Congress.

Finally there is the monetary side of the matter. In the minds of bond-dealers, and even to some extent in reality, there is an association between sustained budget deficits and inflation. The connection is not nearly so simple, but that is of little help to the policymaker. If people in the bond market believe that inflation is in the cards, they will start bidding up interest rates in anticipation; the higher return is a compensation for the expected erosion of the real value of the principal. Businesses and homebuyers will have to pay those rates now, even if they do not share the expectation, and investment will be discouraged.

The Federal Reserve, personified in this book by Alan Greenspan, is our designated hitter in the anti-inflation game. So the Fed's worries become everybody's worries. The Fed's worries about inflation, and the bond market's worries about the Fed's worries, and the Fed's worries about the bond market's worries, can all get translated into today's long-term interest rates. This is yet another reason for Clinton to walk on eggs.

In Woodward's account, Greenspan is transformed into a sort of behind-the-scenes Machiavellian manipulator. He is said to be "in some ways the ghostwriter of Clinton's economic plan; and his contacts with the economic team and with the president are made to seem like deep, dark secrets. This is another piece of overdramatization. Greenspan was only saying what central bankers never stop saying. Clinton's ultimate plan was written by his team and reality. There is plenty of precedent for Fed chairs to talk things over with officials of the executive branch. The Fed is "independent," but it is not extraterrestrial. That Greenspan got to watch the State of the Union speech from a seat between Hillary Clinton and Tipper Gore is picturesque enough.

In short, it was important, and it is

The Cloak of Invisibility

Resisting it at first, I wondered why
Luck had elected to single me out
When subjects more deserving went about
Their business in full visibility.

I favored learning, though, and inch by inch
Sank into knowledge like a nodding sleeper
As the windfall of velvet license deepened.
Not even close-ups made the others flinch—

They shrugged off tingles of warm breath on cheek
Or hand as will-o-the-wisps the dark attracts
And made me privy to whatever facts
Devolve on those whose methods are oblique.

Contagion of invisibility!
Objects caught in the mirror's silver grip,
If I so much as touched them, gave it the slip,
Swept into interstellar blackness, free—

Brocaded screen or acned face, lone mountain
Cabin, oilslick, paperbound Spinoza,
All took shelter under the cloak's *sub rosa*
And drowned appearance in a plunging fountain.

And yet. When the young doctor with downcast eyes
Indicates the gash's stagnant green,
And records a diagnosis of gangrene,
What can't be scraped away, he'll cauterize:

Likewise with me. The morning dawned I saw
Erasure would, eventually, betray
The sunlit chronicle we find our way
By, the book of life, that teaches awe

And heals the blind. . . . It seems an endless age
Since I began that volume's restoration,
Coaxing things back to their first destination,
The daily albinism of the page.

ALFRED CORN

always important, for monetary and fiscal policy to stay on the same page. Our system makes that coordination difficult to achieve. The Clinton policy needed low interest rates because the large ongoing budget deficit, and the public's apprehensiveness about it, put tight limits on what his fiscal program could accomplish. So the president needed to cultivate Greenspan and the crowd of Greenspan-watchers; and he did. The rest is soap opera.

Early in January 1993, a couple of weeks before Inauguration Day, Alan Blinder had provided for the economic team a crisp professional assessment of the economic costs and benefits of deficit reduction. It is well-reported in the book. Cutting \$60 billion—1 percent of GDP—out of the federal budget would cost the economy about 1.5 percent of GDP in the first year or so. Aggregate production would be that much lower than it would otherwise have been. The economy would expand, not by the expected 2.8 percent in Clinton's first year, but perhaps only by 1.3 percent. Employment would be correspondingly less. A reasonable, if not sensational, expansion would be converted into weakness, but probably not recession. This loss of production and jobs could be expected to dissipate in a few years.

What is the payoff from this initial sacrifice? Blinder estimated that nothing would be seen for the first couple of years. Then, as extra investment accumulated and caused productivity to improve, the country's maintainable standard of living would rise. After four or five years it could be between 0.4 percent and 0.8 percent higher than it would otherwise have been: say, 1 percent at the outside. But this improvement in standard of living would be essentially permanent. Probably a benign presiding deity would regard this as a good trade. Being 1 percent better-off doesn't sound like much; but 1 percent forever adds up. Even with a little discounting of the future it would more than compensate for the initial loss of a couple of percent of GDP in the first few years. But for a real-world president, with elections to worry about, this experiment would look like all pain and no gain.

Blinder pointed out, according to Woodward, that the short-run cost of deficit reduction would be smaller and the long-run benefit would be larger if the Federal Reserve and the bond market cooperated by keeping interest rates low. The very act of deficit reduction might conceivably send just the sort of signal that would lead to lower interest rates. But nothing that depends on the psychology of a mixed bag of central

bankers and bond-traders can be taken for granted.

It is a tough call. A reasonable person could go either way, with the net advantage depending on the outcome of analytical questions, judgments about quantitative effects, the relative weight of present and future, the relative weight of equity and overall improvement and a sense of the political realities. It does not seem out of line that a serious president would want to hear the arguments expounded and criticized and defended and rebutted, that he might lean first one way and then the other, might only gradually home in on the quantitative decisions that have to be made and might in the end be guided in the last step or two by political intuition. Anything else, in fact, might give the impression that we are being governed by Alfred E. Neumann. It has been known to happen.

In the end Clinton went for a budget program that was heavy on deficit reduction and very light on social investments. (If there is anything to that stuff about the possibility of civilization, they will come back.) He struck a small blow for equity and the work ethic by beefing up

the Earned Income Tax Credit. In the end the budget act passed in the House by a vote of 218-216 and in the Senate by 50-50 with Vice President Al Gore breaking the tie. I would prefer not to say what various members of Congress covered themselves with, but it was not glory.

Here we are, about a year later. Interest rates did stay low for a while. Clinton has presided over a pretty good upswing. Real GDP has grown irregularly, but at an average annual rate a little above 3 percent, and the economy appears to have some staying power. Private investment has been extraordinarily strong, with the emphasis on productive equipment. The number of jobs has increased by more than 3 million. Some of this, of course, had nothing to do with the administration's policies, but Clinton can legitimately claim credit anyway. After all, his opponents would be blaming him if things had gone differently. The process worked pretty well. There is plenty of agenda left.

ROBERT M. SOLOW, professor of economics at MIT, won the Nobel Prize for economics in 1987.

Bureaucrats in Love

BY MICHAEL HEYWARD

Grand Days by Frank Moorhouse

(Pantheon, 572 pp., \$25)

Frank Moorhouse became a prominent and influential writer of fiction in Australia during the '60s and '70s, but for a long time he remained a puzzling, almost tangential figure. A journalist and a newspaper editor before his stories began to appear, he pursued his career in fiction in a way that seemed to bridge these callings: his writing was discursive, satirical and gave sharp definition to Australian life, especially to the counterculture with which he was identified. And yet, although he had things to say and a distinctive way of saying them, Moorhouse kept falling short of delivering to his readers the sort of extended literary experience his writing seemed to promise. Until now, that is. *Grand Days* is Moorhouse's breakthrough, and makes much of his earlier work a footnote to its achievements.

Moorhouse's intellectual and political roots are in the left. For a long time he

was associated with the inner Sydney suburb of Balmain, one of the legendary homes of Australia's literary bohemia. From the outset, in short story collections like *Futility and Other Animals* (1969), *The Americans, Baby* (1972) and *Conferenceville* (1976), his writing anatomized this libertarian culture, with its radical, anarchist-derived politics, its stress on sexual experimentation, its relentless interrogation of mainstream society, its equally constant inquisition of its own manners and mores.

In many of the early stories Moorhouse's characters repeatedly experience trauma and bewilderment in the effort to come to grips with unexpected sexual, political and social situations. Moorhouse's writing has been skeptical, ironic and comic, key characteristics of the anti-authoritarianism he absorbed. The problem that Moorhouse set himself was to find a narrative style that could express these qualities, and this

may be what accounts for some of the unevenness of his development. His work has been by turns abrasive and charming, direct and elaborated, ponderous and funny. Moorhouse has often given the impression of being a rebellious writer, but he has also been intent at times on playing to a coterie audience that knew exactly where to laugh. Yet his writing can be very bleak, too: it has fluctuated between an enviable accessibility and an art-house strangeness.

His agenda has been his own. Unlike his contemporary, Thomas Keneally, he did not have to write himself out from under the shadow of Patrick White. Unlike David Malouf, he had nothing in him of the grand European fabulist. Unlike Peter Carey, he was not sketching out an antipodean version of magic realism. From the start, Moorhouse's master was Hemingway—and the traces of this influence are visible in *Grand Days*—though he was also attracted by the possibilities opened up by the so-called “new journalism” and increasingly pursued a brand of fiction that assumed the contours of the essay or imaginative memoir. In fact, Moorhouse's short stories and journalism were advancing together on parallel fronts. This became dramatically clear in 1980, when he edited *Days of Wine and Rage*, an anthology of some of the liveliest ephemeral writing of the 1970s in Australia, a good deal of it Moorhouse's own. This eclectic compilation of journalism, with a few stories and poems tossed in, was a genuinely inventive attempt to characterize the decade from multiple perspectives, and was itself a clue to understanding the patterns of organization evident in Moorhouse's fiction.

Moorhouse's books were made up of grouped stories in which characters recurred or the same incidents were seen from differing viewpoints. He called this technique “discontinuous narrative,” and he explained that he found that his stories

were clustering. I wasn't writing a novel but one story suggested the next. I was writing about one locality or one group of people, and even though the connections were often oblique, tangential and at first not altogether perceived by me, they were real and growing.

Characters or narrative fragments also began to crop up in successive books. The effect, over two decades, was kaleidoscopic, as if some Brownian motion were keeping these molecules of narrative in constant rearrangement.

In this sense Moorhouse had found a form appropriate to the restless urban tribe that populated his books. But there

was also the feeling that the writer might be withholding the key to the narrative organization of his work, perhaps because he had not yet found it himself. It was the journalist in Moorhouse that hit upon the phrase “discontinuous narrative,” a clever phrase and true insofar as it described his reiterative, abbreviated manner, his exploitation of dislocative techniques, open plot lines and frequent switches of focus. But if the term gave an impression of a writer fascinated by the intricacies of form itself, then it was misleading. As any page of his work makes clear, Moorhouse writes an unembellished prose, plain to the point of roughness, as though a smooth and neatly worked finish would deaden the writing. “My preferences are for stories that present an open-ended aesthetic experience,” he once wrote:

I like stories that are an arrangement of fragments within a personal field, which have a carefully judged incompleteness.... And I like a density of reference to the public world.... Good fiction is “not all there,” and each reader brings “the rest” to make a slightly different completion of any work.

Whatever the validity of such a claim, by the time Moorhouse wrote his first “novel,” *Forty-Seventeen*, in 1988, “discontinuous narrative” had outlived its usefulness as a term, and Moorhouse had largely outgrown whatever it meant. In *Grand Days* he escapes its implications altogether. The novel reintroduces T. George McDowell, the “100 percent Rotarian and pain in the neck” who first surfaces in *The Electrical Experience* (1974), and the heroine of the piece, Edith Campbell Berry, was first seen as a much older and far less sympathetic character in *Forty-Seventeen*. But it would hardly do to describe such an ample historical novel as “an arrangement of fragments.”

With its concentrated gaze on Edith as a woman of singular ability and redoubtable moral fiber, *Grand Days* is the most sustained and satisfying thing Moorhouse has done. This densely researched book—the background reading is detailed in an armory of notes and appendices—is, if anything, too long. But *Grand Days* rewards the persevering reader and, in a radically different setting from any of his previous work, consummates Moorhouse's interest in politics, history, the nature of institutions, the art of conversation, the comedy of manners, the shifting lines of sexual desire.

Grand Days begins with Edith at 26, sometime in the early 1920s, traveling on a train between Paris and Geneva, where she is to take up a posting with the League of Nations. Given his fascination with futile but beautiful political gestures, the League might have been dreamed up for Moorhouse to write about. An ultimately hapless attempt at world peace,

the League was formed in 1920 in the aftermath of the carnage of World War I; but its disarmament conferences of the '30s failed, and the League had lost whatever credibility it had by the time Hitler marched into Poland. The national and political struggles that the League failed to contain scarcely interest Moorhouse in this novel. What intrigues him is the idea of the League of Nations as an artificial island, a mega-conferenceville, a self-contained oasis of bureaucrats who cease on duty to be British or Australian or Swiss but instead aspire to be “internationalists,” an elect clergy devoted to their god of world peace.

The women in Moorhouse's shorter fiction have tended to be objects of desire or revulsion, or some intermingling of the two. The challenge that he set himself in this novel was to tell the story from a female point of view, and it has paid off. Edith is his most interesting character. She has allowed Moorhouse to shed the self-consciousness that has prevailed in much of his writing. The innocent abroad, Edith permits him both to explore the formal structures of the League and to traverse his familiar territory of ambiguous sexual experience and the vicissitudes of personal development. On her train Edith meets Major Ambrose Westwood, an Englishman out of the Foreign Office. They dine and become lovers. Ambrose appoints himself Edith's guide to Geneva. This is the relationship through which Moorhouse will explore the novel's central theme: the collapse of borders at both a personal and political level, the way a blurring of categories can enable a clarity of definition.

Edith's escape from her provincial culture has a particular piquancy. Moorhouse understands, as does every other Australian writer of any note, how difficult it has been for Australians to transcend the isolation imposed on them by their nationality. “Had she come to Geneva to escape the ‘real world’ of her own country?” Edith asks herself. “Had she fled to a fantasy, pretending to herself that she was coming to the ‘center of things?’” Part of Edith's growth is out of being an Australian, a process not without complications. When her old friend T. George McDowell arrives in Geneva he challenges Edith's conception of herself by remarking on her card:

“Your card has too many names on it.” He dramatized the counting of the names. “One—Edith. Two—the initial A. That counts as a name in this situation. Alison, isn't it? Three, Campbell. Four—Berry. You know what it said to me, what the card said to me?”

“No, George.”

"It made me think you were four people trying to crowd together on one card—to come together as one."

He was breathtaking. She now remembered why he was the most surprising man in the district. He had not gone to university but he was a man who ruminated. He was spirited....

"I'm still finding out how to make my way. That's the problem, George." Her voice sounded almost discouraged. She felt a gust of deep, deep fatigue, a feeling new to her.

The confession seemed to deflect his investigation. He raised his eyes to the sky, lifted his right hand as if conducting an orchestra. "I suppose, though, that truly we are a Federation of Selves. There's the person within us who goes about the daily affairs and there's the person who goes in to sleep at night alone."

Edith does not always go to sleep at night alone, but it makes sense that George, who is completely confident of his identity, exposes this novel's fascination with multiple selves. Edith herself becomes a leather-clad cowgirl on an absurd float in a parade organized by the American Captain Strongbow, obscurely intended to further Strongbow's campaign to establish an international ballot to elect a world government to be housed by the League of Nations. She becomes the willing partner to Major Ambrose's desires to make love to her dressed in women's garments—Edith's, as it happens—and with him makes a disastrous expedition to the Molly Club, a transvestite haunt. Ambrose unknowingly facilitates her brief transformation into a *belle vamp Australienne* in a Parisian nightclub and, much later, takes her to a party where she will have her own inconclusive homosexual encounter.

Edith's public mission is to be a courageous and dutiful servant to the League, but her private quest is to define herself by investigating the secret contours of her own character. Edith reveals Moorhouse's fascination with the possibilities of female desire, but he is equally preoccupied, as he has been since his earliest stories, with the kinds of sexual roles that men can fulfill. The secretive, labile, bi-sexual Ambrose is one focus for this, but so, too, is the unequivocally heterosexual journalist named Robert Dole, a kind of Hemingway figure complete with a large scar on his back courtesy of the war.

Edith, so we learn, is a Rationalist. It is her dispassionate curiosity about herself that causes her to be "always pleased to find some inkling of vice in herself," though at other times she sees her own role as "Master of Ceremonies for the World" or dryly notes how she sounds like her mother at a Red Cross func-

tion." In fact, she is an obsessive bureaucrat in a novel that is itself obsessed by bureaucracy. In Moorhouse's League of Nations this is not quite as dull as it sounds. Capable administration in Edith's hands becomes the art of rising to the occasion. When she encounters Sir Eric Drummond, the secretary-general, in a state of absolute despair one morning after Germany has been refused admission to the League, she takes it upon herself to restore his *savoir faire* by shaving him. Moorhouse's comic touch is very light here:

Shaving was a special nearness to the face of a man and she could see his pores, his lumps, his lines, the hairs of his nose and ears. She could see with intimate clarity the shape of his ears, his balding. She could see with intimate clarity his lips. As she entered this intimacy she did not feel like a barber. She wondered whether she felt like a nurse or a daughter or a wife. Something of all... She finished the shaving and dabbed his face with the towel and broke the touch.

"That's much better," he said in a small voice, as if what had happened between them was fairly routine. "Feel much better now."

Edith never stops thinking about how she can be true to herself and to her ideals, and she loves to categorize her own experience as a way of trying to under-

stand it. In a novel that dramatizes at length meetings devoted to the resolution of questions of protocol and administration, she can worry for pages at a time about everything from the nature of civilized behavior to the contrivance of special stationery stands or supplying bottled water for conference delegates.

As *Grand Days* unfolds in its leisurely, elaborative way, it becomes clear that it is about politics more as a self-sustaining process than as the solution to anything. The correlate to Moorhouse's interest in how people can cross apparently impermeable borders within themselves is his understanding of what happens in the nooks and crannies of institutions, how some rules may be bent and others not, how patterns of behavior are governed by conventions more powerful for the fact that they are tacitly observed. Moorhouse's League is no Kafkaesque nightmare or terrifying lattice of power. Instead, *Grand Days* is a kind of elegy for the paper-shufflers, some invented, some actual but long dead, who inhabit his palace of nations, and whose dreams were shortly to dissolve on the killing fields of Europe's second great conflict in a generation.

MICHAEL HEYWARD is the author of *The Ern Malley Affair* (Faber & Faber).

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BERLIN DIARIST

Freedom Summer

THIS IS A SUMMER OF SYMBOLISM in the former cold war *Frontstadt*. President Clinton has been here to *Ich bin* for the citizenry—the first American president to deliver a speech facing East from the Brandenburg Gate, and the first to visit a synagogue in Berlin. The four armies of the World War II powers will have completed their withdrawals by about Labor Day. The Americans will go last, their right as the cold war's winners. Already, the final military parades have filed down the flag-lined boulevards, including a joint U.S.-British-French affair, and the last American Army Fourth of July parade, an event properly laden with salutes to freedom and the military vigilance it took to secure it. The Russian army had its farewell march near its Karlshorst headquarters in the former East Berlin. This event had been preceded by a delicate discussion among Allies and Germans over exactly what sort of victory, or defeat, marching Russians would symbolize. Should the World War II winners turned cold war losers celebrate alongside the Allies? Ultimately, Helmut Kohl and Boris Yeltsin acceded to the Western Allies' view that neither the Russians' conquering the city from the Nazis, nor their new friendship with Germany and the West, should outweigh their suffocation of half of Berlin during the cold war. There would be no four-power joint parade.

THIS POINT ABOUT MORAL EQUIV-
alence having been made, the Russians, in their Soviet-model tanks and missile launchers, clanked alone down An der Wuhlheide, flowers in their turrets, metal treads churning up the expensive asphalt. Some in the crowd grumbled that this street destruction was Russian pay-back for being left out of the Allies' parade. But generally, the mostly older, East German spectators cheered and waved their little paper Russian flags. Some seemed amazingly sad. A woman, tears welling in her eyes as she waved goodbye, told me: "For forty years, they protected us." I guess that meant, protected us from the West. Obviously the crowd was a self-selected one; such sentiments are not those of the majority in the former East. Still, they are shared by a big enough minority in that part of the uni-

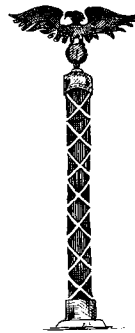
fied country to have propelled the reconstituted Communists, known as the Party of Democratic Socialism, to victories both in the recent European Parliament elections and in local German elections. This shocked Germany's political parties. In what should be Berlin's crowning freedom summer, it seems, German democracy is facing a wave of authoritarian nostalgia, upon which a cold war loser is surfing. Yes, this is a moment of triumph. But it's not an occasion for triumphalism.

POST-COLD WAR EUROPE IS A CON-
tinent of enduring national, communal and individual yearnings, not all of which Western-style modernity can yet satisfy—and which often escape the understanding, and control, of the West's political elites. I thought about this while sweltering in a conference room at East Berlin's Kronprinzenpalais (the air-conditioning was German-style—open windows). There, thanks to a last-minute invitation, I was sitting in on a roundtable discussion among American and German leaders on trans-Atlantic relations. One of the panel's more forthright speakers was Richard Holbrooke, the U.S. Ambassador to Bonn, who was recently named assistant secretary of state for European and Canadian affairs. Regarding that appointment, this magazine has wondered, in its insouciant way, why an Asia expert whose first choice for an embassy had been Tokyo would have been Clinton's pick for the job. Well, Holbrooke brings at least one attribute to his new position: clarity about Bosnia. Holbrooke has long been a hawk. Those sentiments are the product not of Washington position-taking, but of reflection about the lessons of World War II—and how crippling it can be for America's role in Europe if the United States shows itself incapable of stopping aggression with power.

DURING THE ADENAUER COFFEE
breaks, Holbrooke showed his copy of Ian Buruma's *The Wages of Guilt* (favorite passages underlined in blue ball-point pen) to everyone he met. The book compares how the post-war generations of Japan and Germany have, and have not, come to terms with their responsibility for the crimes and aggressions of World War II. The Germans, Buruma remarks, learn about Auschwitz, while the object lesson for the Japanese is the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. If Holbrooke spends his off-hours studying such questions, he can't be totally unprepared to carry out policy on Bosnia. Nor, however, will he be able to salvage it. The damage to the social, economic and

political fabric of the republic is too advanced to be stitched back together, either by outside force or by the new plan for partition being advanced now by the United States, Russia, France, Germany and Britain. Holbrooke and the administration must deal with a Europe in which aggression has been rewarded, in which war criminals have, in all likelihood, gotten away with murder. That is another way in which this period differs from the post-World War II years.

AS THINGS WOUND DOWN, I TRIED
to relate the conversation among these powerful men to outside events. I thought of the disturbing voting trend in the former East Germany, especially since one of the few East Germans at the table had stunned everyone with an impassioned explanation of the mixed feelings of Easterners about the Russians' departure from Berlin. The mayhem farther afield in Bosnia also confounded the discussants. The assembled Adenaueroids roundly agreed that Americans and Germans will remain friends in freedom, and will meet the challenges of the



future as NATO partners and fellow democracies linked by culture and trade. Instability itself is our new common enemy. Who could disagree? Gradually, however, other themes began to creep in. Now that the Soviet threat is gone, what is the mission of the alliances, armies, intelligence agencies and diplomatic institutions built up during the cold war? And what about those pesky "substate actors"—terrorists, nationalist warlords, mafiosi, restless migrants—who seem even more adept than the Communists were at thwarting the wisest plans of the West? And what is going to stop American and German interests from diverging over time? Already, the once-pivotal Germans have gone their own way on many issues, most recently by pursuing an opening with Iran. At times, almost thought these veteran partisans of the old tutelary American-German relationship harbored a nostalgia parallel to that of the East German parade watchers—a yen for the bracing clarity once provided by the face-off between NATO and Warsaw Pact tank legions at the Fulda Gap. It's been five years since the Berlin Wall's fall inaugurated a new world order. Has there ever been a time when so much newfound freedom was so underappreciated by so many? And has there ever been a time when the leaders of the West had so much power at their disposal without knowing quite what to use it for?

CHARLES LAN

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Congress Remakes a Law

Congress is now considering legislation designed to vastly improve students' school performance—by punishing school districts, teachers and principals if students don't make miraculous progress. You can see this idea in full bloom in the revision of Chapter 1 legislation on which Congress is now working.

Chapter 1, the largest federal program targeted at elementary and secondary education, gives money to schools where poor children are concentrated in order to provide extra services for these kids. The aim is to give the youngsters an educational boost and narrow the achievement gap that often exists between them and more affluent children. But the programs have been criticized as low-level, remedial efforts that expect far too little of students. The current reform will improve Chapter 1 in a number of important ways, but it may also create some new and serious problems.

According to the proposed legislation, in order to get Chapter 1 funds, states have to develop content standards and assessments and define three levels of performance: partially proficient, proficient and advanced. Schools and school districts then have to make "adequate yearly progress" toward getting *all* their Chapter 1 students to achieve at the "advanced" level. Once this system is up and running, school districts and schools that don't make the required progress will be subject to a number of severe sanctions, which are mandatory in the third year (for a school) or in the fourth year (for a school district). The sanctions include cutting off federal funding; transferring students out to other schools; and "reconstituting" staff in the school or school district. In the case of school districts, schools can be removed from their jurisdiction. In other words, an individual school or school district can be forced into educational receivership.

When states set these levels, they may make the advanced level low enough so that everybody will be able to meet it—in which case we will have a minimum competency requirement, and the education system will be much as it is now. But if the states are putting together world-class standards, "advanced" should be roughly equivalent to the very high performance levels that exist in other countries for entrance into universities.

Given the wide range of natural endowments, it would be absurd to expect all children—or even the majority—



Imagine saying that we should shut down a hospital and fire its staff because not all of its patients became healthy.

anywhere to achieve at an advanced level. In other industrialized democracies, where the education systems are more successful than ours, no more than one-third of students do so. How can we expect Chapter 1 schools and teachers to take kids, most of whom are achieving in the bottom quarter, and make them *all* equal to the best students anywhere in the world?

Teachers in many of these Chapter 1 schools get up every morning worrying about whether violence will erupt in their classroom or in the halls. They worry about the students who are working hard and doing well—will these youngsters give up because they are tired of being bullied by the kids who have nothing but contempt for those who want to learn? The teachers think about the many other kids who are absent more than they are in school and who never come to class except to disrupt it. And they wonder whether all this is worth it when they could have fewer problems and more money working in a suburban school. If the Chapter 1 legislation goes ahead in its current form, these teachers will be required by law to

bring all their Chapter 1 students up to an advanced level of performance. And if they fail, they will be told it is their fault and they will have sanctions to look forward to.

What's wrong with this is that it places all the responsibility on teachers and schools and none on students. Imagine saying we should shut down a hospital and fire its staff because not all of its patients became healthy—but never demanding that the patients also look after themselves by eating properly, exercising and laying off cigarettes, alcohol and drugs. Is tightening the thumbscrews on the doctors and the hospital the best way to help the patients?

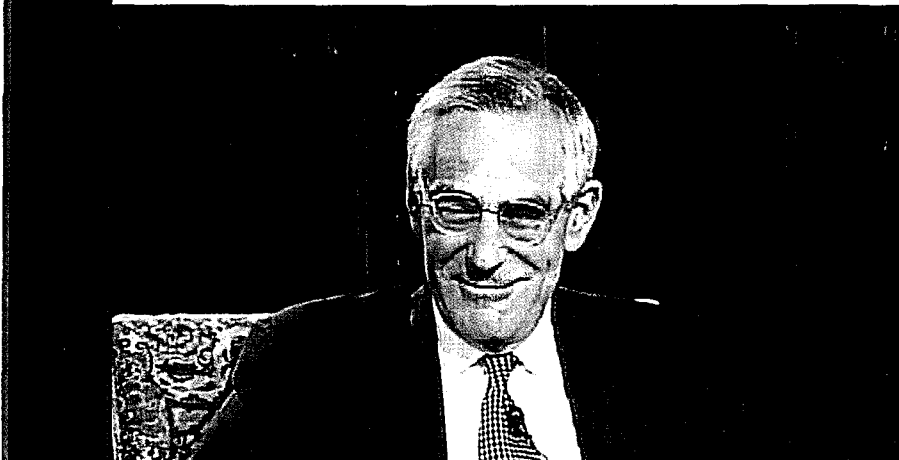
Our approach to fixing things in the schools is always to raise the level of the hoop—or set it on fire. The apparent assumption is that teachers and schools are holding back or are ill-willed, and all they need is a kick in the butt. We never think that students have to be accountable, too. And yet, of course, you can't have school accountability without student accountability.

Students won't learn more unless they work harder—come to school, pay attention and do homework. But they are unlikely to work harder when they've been told that if they don't, their teachers will be punished. There is no school system that works this way and I doubt that any ever will, at least not successfully.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

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